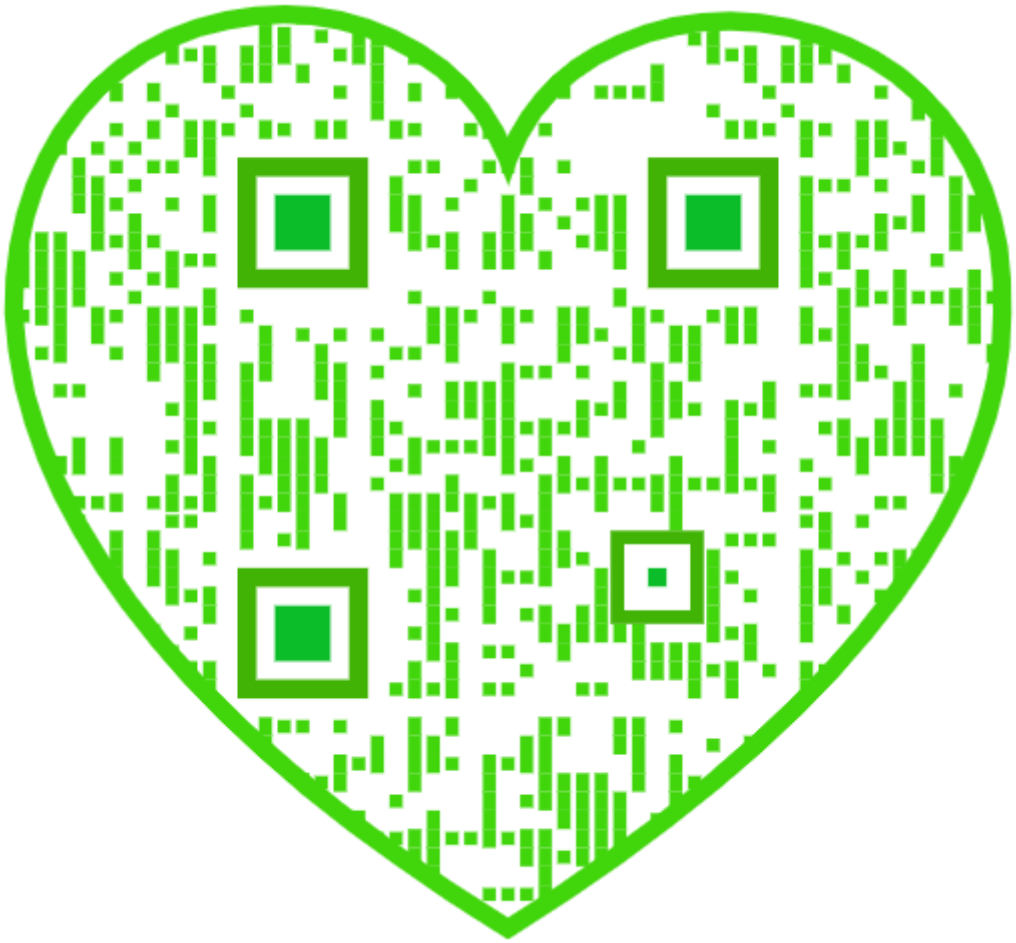
TEXAS HERO STORIES

KATIE DAFFAN



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TEXAS STATE CAPITOL AT AUSTIN.

TEXAS HERO STORIES

AN

HISTORICAL READER FOR THE GRADES

BY

KATIE DAFFAN

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BENJ. H. SANBORN & CO.
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To my Father

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INTRODUCTION

Texas history, with its heroic achievement, adventure, dangerous situation, sacrifice and martyrdom, appeals to our imagination and our love of romance, as well as to our patriotism, our pride and undying gratitude, and it affords fascinating ground for the story-teller.

To-day, the best school readers for the grades are those which give some continuity of subject, and I have felt that a reader for Texas children, based upon Texas history, would be opportune and helpful. It has been my purpose in the preparation of these stories to present a brief, biographical sketch and to give something of the service to Texas of the heroes selected. I have consulted diaries, histories, journals and records, and it has been my privilege to obtain interesting data from some of those loyal citizens of Texas who are now, in the excellence of their service, making Texas history.

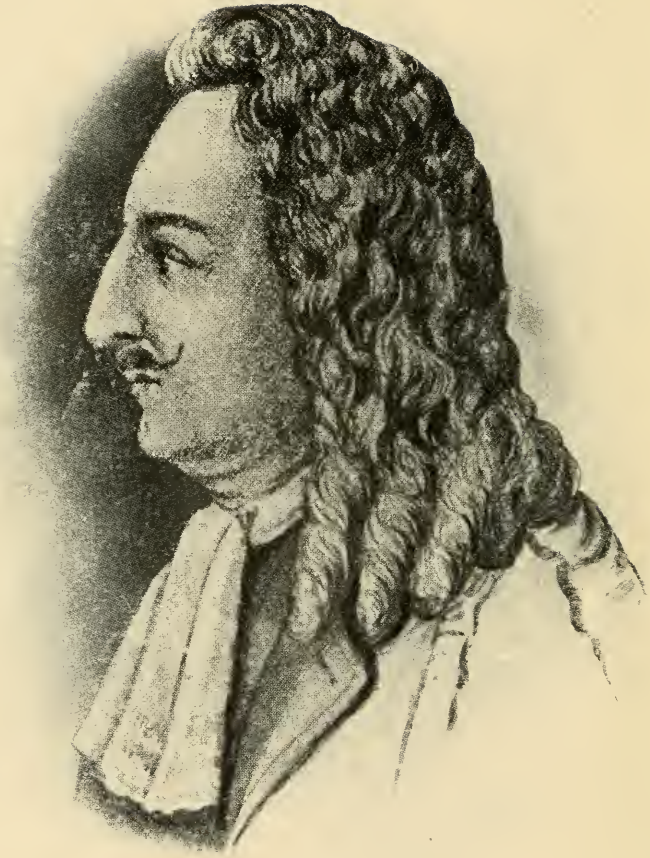
I wish to express genuine appreciation to those dear friends who, by their constant encouragement and interest, have made the preparation of these stories a pleasure. To those friends who have placed at my disposal their private libraries, many of them containing rare books, I wish to ex-

press my appreciation, as I do to those who have assisted me in obtaining appropriate photographs and pictures.

In the belief that the Sibyl's Story is all true, that "all things are possible to us, and the best is yet to come," that through the diligence and energy of her devoted sons and daughters Texas is destined to retain her high place in civic excellence, and that the Texans of to-day are worthy descendants of their noble sires, these stories are offered to the children.

K. D.

Dallas, Texas, January, 1908.



RENE-ROBERT CAVELIER SIEUR DE LA SALLE.

TEXAS HERO STORIES

A KNIGHT OF KING LOUIS

LaSalle, the most distinguished adventurer of the seventeenth century, was a knight, pure, true and loyal. Fearless, intelligent, of excelient family, his devotion to his king was of the nature of a religious sentiment, and his love for his church of the kind that would seek to endure martyrdom.

For energy, self-reliance, courage, force of will and persistency in a chosen pursuit, he has had few equals; and with it all his character shows a perfect faith and a resignation to Divine will.

Impulsive and quick to reach a decision, he was tireless in his efforts to mature his ideas and plans, and he shared each duty assigned to his men. He worked with them, side by side, made sacrifices for them, gave tender care to the sick and afflicted, provided as best he could for the women and children, and amid the bleakest surroundings and the most discouraging and sickening conditions he showed the adaptation to circumstances seen only in those truly noble.

He worked on and on, with faith that never fal-

tered, sustaining and upholding those less courageous than himself, ever mindful of the welfare of others and neglecting his own, faithful to his country, his king and his God.

Rene-Robert Cavelier, Sieur de LaSalle, "the father of colonization" in the great valley of the middle west, was born in Rouen, the proud capital of Normandy, France, in 1643, and he was carefully educated for the priesthood.

France, as were the other countries of Europe, was deeply interested in the stories that were afloat about "America;" the new country was talked about everywhere, and the several European monarchs were sending expeditions to explore and take possession.

LaSalle, young, ambitious, bold and restless, was attracted to Canada, where he hoped to make a fortune among the fur traders and trappers. He made the dangerous journey from France to Canada, and in a birch bark canoe explored the scattered lakes and rivers.

Nobody knew the size of America, whether it was 500 or 5,000 miles across. They knew that the Pacific ocean was somewhere to the west of the Great Lakes, but more than this they did not know.

LaSalle had a majestic plan; he thought he could go up the St. Lawrence river, through the lakes to Lake Superior, from the western outlet of which he confidently believed he would be in easy reach of the Pacific ocean, then to sail in triumph for China.

thereby placing the route from Asia to Europe under the control of France, and making valuable beyond calculation the French possessions in America.

The Indians had talked much of a great river many miles to the west, which flowed into the sea. They called it "The Father of Waters." LaSalle thought this great river must be the route to the Pacific ocean, so, after gaining permission of the governor of Canada, he set out to find the "Father of Waters."

Exposed to every danger, the treachery of his enemies, the cruelties of the Indians, starvation and the sickness and death of some of his men, LaSalle, for eleven years, wandered through the ice and snow, across the lakes, up and down the St. Lawrence river, and at the head waters of the Mississippi. It was in February, 1682, before he embarked upon the "Great River" (the Mississippi), which he named "Colbert," in honor of the great French minister. The river was so blocked with ice that passage was impossible and the party could do nothing but stop and camp to wait for the melting of the snow.

When the journey was resumed, the first stop was made at the mouth of the Missouri river, where the party was kindly received at an Indian village.

The Indians told LaSalle that by sailing up the Missouri river for twelve miles he would find the place, in a range of mountains, where the great

river took its rise, and that from the heights of the snow-capped mountains he could see the Pacific ocean where mighty ships with rich cargoes were sailing.

The Indians knew wonderful stories of the rivers, mountains and forests, and LaSalle grew more and more excited and determined to find the Pacific ocean.

He did not follow the Indians' suggestion of ascending the Missouri, but continued his journey down the Mississippi, stopping at the mouth of the Ohio, where the party secured much game and explored the forests and caves.

As they followed the river to the southward the air became mellow and perfumed, the banks widened into flower-covered prairies, moss hung from the trees, and the admiration and enthusiasm of the explorers were boundless.

They knew, from the widening banks, the salt in the water and the breeze and the quiet current that the sea was near; but it was not the Pacific ocean, but the Gulf of Mexico, to which they had safely journeyed.

LaSalle landed and amid great rejoicing, fervent prayers and exultant cries of "Long Live the King," erected a column inscribed with the arms of France and the words, "Louis the Great Reigns: April 9, 1682." Then, in solemn voice, he proclaimed: "Henceforth, my God and my king,

supreme forever, over the innumerable souls and unmeasurable lands of this great continent." He named the country "Louisiana" in honor of the King.

So delighted was LaSalle with the new country, its beauties, and its possibilities, that he resolved to return at once to Canada, then to France, to lay his plan of "founding a new and greater France" before King Louis, and to obtain royal permission to begin permanent settlements near the mouth of the Mississippi river.

He reached Canada in safety and sailed for France, arriving at Rochelle in December, 1683.

King Louis XIV called the "Grand Monarque," listened with rapt attention to LaSalle's earnest account of the rich lands, the mighty rivers, the Indians that should be made Christians and his desire to add such mighty domain to France.

The king approved the plans and pledged his assistance; he conferred upon LaSalle the title of the nobility, gave him a monopoly of the fur trade in Canada and appointed him governor of all lands which he might discover.

Four ships were prepared for the return journey; the *Joli,* a man of war, the *Belle,* a frigate, the *Amiable* and *St. Francis,* supply ships, containing food, settlers' goods and goods to trade with the Indians. The *Belle* was the personal gift from the king to LaSalle.

The party embarking included five priests, twelve young gentlemen, fifty soldiers and twelve families of immigrants.

On the 24th day of July, 1684, the four ships sailed from Rochelle, but on account of an accident to the *Joli,* and a return to Rochelle to have her repaired, the fleet did not make final sail until the first day of August.

The voyage was perilous, the sea rough, and LaSalle and his naval commander, Beaujeu, had a quarrel, which became more and more personal and disagreeable as the journey advanced.

The *St. Francis* being a slow sailer, was captured by a Spanish man of war, the fleet was unnecessarily delayed at the West Indies, LaSalle had a frightful illness, almost losing his mind, and many of the party were ill from the sudden climatic change, but in spite of it all the fleet finally entered the Gulf of Mexico.

Going further and further down the coast, the party looked daily for the mouth of the great river, but nothing could be seen which indicated that they were near it. Mutiny was threatened, general discontent reigned, and La Salle's troubles seemed to be without end.

At last, one day an opening was discovered in the coast line, the water between the low points of the opening was muddy and discolored, and LaSalle decided that it was the Mississippi. But he was

mistaken; he had gone too far to the west and was sailing along the Texas coast.

He tried to land at a number of points to the west, but he was kept out by the sandbars and breakers.

As he sailed to the westward he noticed the broad uninterrupted prairies covered with the silvery grass and he remembered that he had seen no such country around the Mississippi, and he became frightened for fear he was lost.

Before he had fully realized his error he had sailed 500 miles too far to the westward; he turned and slowly sailed to the east, entering Pass Cavallo on the west side of San Bernardo or Matagorda bay, landing on the sixteenth day of February, 1685. LaSalle thought he had reached the western mouth of the Mississippi river.

The first occurrence after the arrival upon the Texas coast was not calculated to inspire enthusiasm and hopefulness. LaSalle watched from the shore the ship *Amiable* run aground. She contained the food supplies, the ammunition, the medicine, the clothing and the tools, and to the now faint-hearted LaSalle this loss meant the temporary abandonment of his cherished plans. She was lost through the obstinacy of Captain Beaujeu, who sought opportunities to provoke LaSalle.

It was impossible to float the vessel, but a part of the supplies were brought in small boats to the

shores by the Indians. In the night a storm completely destroyed her. This was a serious trial, but LaSalle endured it without losing hope or courage.

The location was poor, the food was lost, there was no water to drink, save that from the bay, and sickness and death visited the camp, some of the men dying each day. To add to this sad condition, the Indians, who were friendly at first, plundered the camp and stole everything valuable, especially the blankets, so the campers suffered from the cold and exposure. Ory and Desloges, two of LaSalle's men, were murdered by the Indians.

Ill-luck continued. Beaujeu, vain and pompous, proud of his office as "naval commander," and seeking every opportunity to show his authority, now openly refused to obey LaSalle. He made up his mind to return to France and could not be persuaded to remain.

With about forty of the company — and LaSalle couldn't spare any of them — all of the cannon and a large quantity of the food, Beaujeu sailed on the *Joli*, the best remaining vessel, leaving only the *Belle* as a means of further exploration.

This was enough to dishearten any man, however heroic, but LaSalle recovered from his disappointment, and, leaving Joutel, who could always be depended upon, in command of the camp, he sailed with a few boats and a party of well-armed men to the head of the bay, where he found a river coming in from the north.

He concluded that this was one of the mouths of the Mississippi, but as he ascended it, instead of its growing wider, it grew narrower, its waters became clear, and instead of great trees along the banks, there were miles of unbroken lands covered with grass upon which wandered herds of buffalo.

LaSalle realized that it was not the Mississippi, but another river, and he named it Lavaca, or "Cow River," from the buffalo-cows which he found near it. Even this disappointment did not deter LaSalle from his determination to find the Mississippi; he seemed proof against discouragement.

When he returned to camp he found everything in disorder and the men down-hearted, rebellious and angry with him for bringing them to such a desolate place to die. They had plotted to murder Joutel, who had so faithfully protected them, and they constantly quarreled among themselves.

Added to these internal troubles, the Indians came to the camp every night to steal what they could, and the Spaniards threatened the life of every white man who stepped upon the shore.

Some of the men deserted, a number were drowned, and one of the bravest ones died from a rattlesnake bite.

LaSalle ordered the removal of the women and children to the place he had selected for a fort on the Lavaca river. With many difficulties, for there were no oxen to haul the wood, and no carpenters in the party, the fort was erected. It was divided into

rooms, a cellar was built where the ammunition was to be kept, a tower was erected at each of the four corners and openings were left in the walls to keep off the Indian attacks.

A little chapel was erected and the whole was fenced in; to the little fortress LaSalle gave the name St. Louis, in honor of the King of France.

No sooner had the colonists settled themselves in Fort St. Louis than LaSalle determined again to locate the great river, so on the thirty-first day of October, 1685, with a party of selected men, he set out. After a fruitless search, weeks of wandering through swamp and forest, exposed to the Indians, without food, water or clothes, the few who were spared sorrowfully found their way back to the fort.

The conditions at the fort could not have been worse.

The *Belle,* while going across the bay, had been lost somewhere near Dog island, thus removing all means of leaving the coast. The ammunition was nearly exhausted, the Indians seeing their advantage, became more and more hostile, death invaded the camp, the men, women and children had died, and LaSalle, now that all hope seemed gone, became dangerously ill, and for days lay in an unconscious condition.

But his life was spared, and just as soon as he was able to travel, with his nephew, Moranget, his brother and eighteen others, leaving Joutel in charge, he started for the northeast.

Their first stop was at the village of the Cenis Indians, on the Trinity river, who received them kindly, and gave them food supplies. To LaSalle they showed much attention and kindness and he enjoyed a long-needed rest; the Indians gave a feast, entertaining and delighting their visitors with a war dance.

So fascinated had the men become with the Indians that in less than a day's journey from the village four of them deserted and returned to live with the Indians.

While LaSalle and two of his men were crossing the Brazos river in light cane canoes, a great alligator drew one of the men under the water. There had seemed no limit to the uncanny and terrible sights that brave LaSalle was called upon to witness; now one of his fearless companions, who had stood with him in every vicissitude of unexpected danger, was snatched away in the most frightful, hideous manner. Because of the sad accident LaSalle named the river Maligne.

After a six months' wandering, only eight of the explorers who had left Fort St. Louis, returned, weary and heart-sick.

It was no time now to talk of finding the great river which Joutel called the "Fatal River." Words of hope and encouragement had little meaning to the poor, starved, crushed and unhappy colonists. LaSalle's mind was now centered upon saving the lives of his people, so, after providing for the suf-

ferers in the fort as best he could, with just half of the colonists he bade farewell to Fort St. Louis on the twelfth day of January, 1687, and started for Canada.

With LaSalle's party were his brother Cavelier, his nephew Moranget, the good priest Father Anastase, Liotat a surgeon, Duhaut, Joutel, and Saget and Nika, two Indian servants.

Over trackless prairies, through dense and bewildering forests, they journeyed in a northeasterly direction until on the sixteenth day of March, they reached the Neches river, where a quarrel which had been brewing a long time, broke into action.

Duhaut and Liotat had all the while been enemies to LaSalle and his ambitions; now they determined to kill him. They formed a conspiracy to kill Moranget, LaSalle's beloved nephew, then to kill LaSalle. They carried out their murderous plans.

Moranget, Nika and Saget were murdered in camp while they slept, Liotat striking the fatal blows.

LaSalle, while searching for Moranget, with Father Anastase and an Indian guide, was waylaid and murdered by Duhaut and Liotat, who lay hidden in the tall grass. LaSalle, shot in the head and chest, fell on the nineteenth day of March, 1687. 'Twas not enough for the fiends to cowardly take

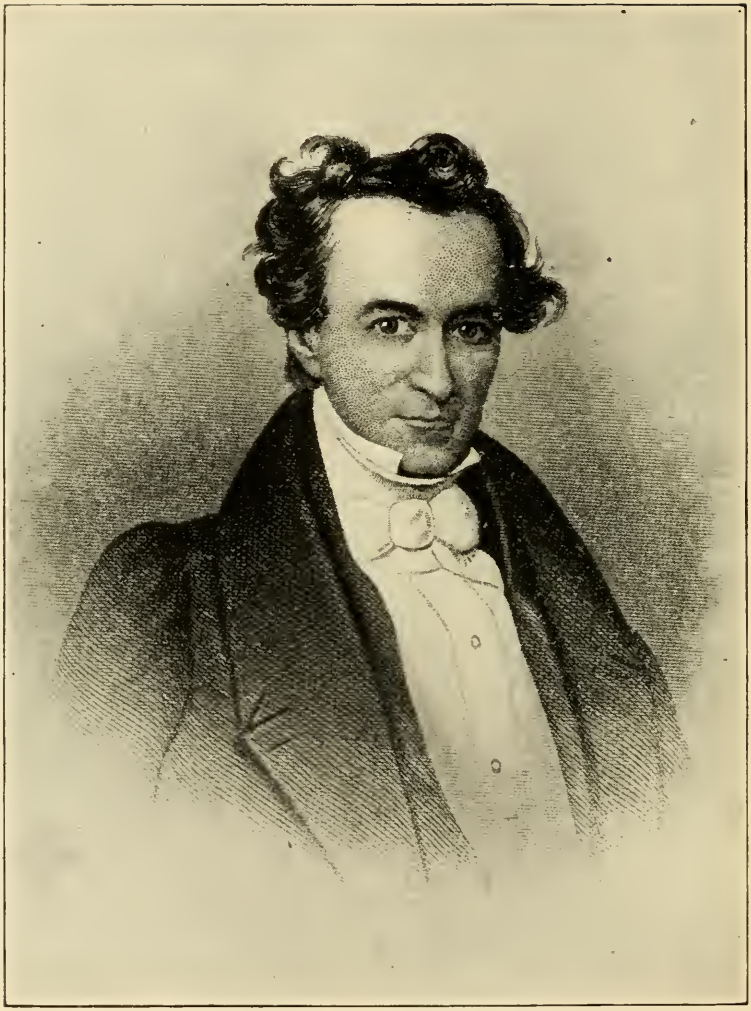
this brave man's life, they stripped the body and left it a prey for wolves and wild birds.

After LaSalle's death the expedition went to pieces. Some of the party joined the Indians. LaSalle's brother, with six others, joined a post which had been erected in 1686 in the "land of the Arkansas."

In April, 1689, a force under Alonzo de Leon was sent from Mexico to destroy Fort St. Louis, but the fort was found deserted. Those who had escaped starvation had been captured by the Indians.

LaSalle did not reach the Mississippi to colonize a "great empire in the name of the mighty king of France," but he was the forerunner, and the initiator of the marvelous work which followed his.

Though at the time LaSalle seems to have failed, at this period of our country's excellence, we attribute to him success, glory and honor. He was the first white man to make a settlement in Texas. With every disadvantage and discouragement, he persisted in his object and could not be deterred therefrom. Texans and Americans give praise and appreciation to this bold and gallant Soldier of Fortune.



STEPHEN F. AUSTIN.

THE FOUNDERS OF THE EMPIRE

"A COLONY is a better offering than a victory," says Bancroft, and that man, who by fearless leadership, control of men and faith in his own purpose lays the first stone in the foundation of a State is entitled to the gratitude of the world. The "pioneer" is a hero of his own peculiar kind; it is the pioneer who goes ahead, looks beyond, counts the cost and takes the first step in the untried and unknown; it is the pioneer who gives direction to history and upon his success or failure depend the growth, the character and the happiness of a people.

There are difficulties in peace and terrors in war, all to be mastered by the presence of mind, courage and patriotism of heroes, but few conditions ever arise in any phase of civil or military government equal to the desolation, privation and lonely newness which must be faced and overcome by the sturdy pioneer. He must not only be bold and fear no dangers himself, but must instill others, who look to him, with faith and hope, bidding them look forward to happy homes and contentment.

The first colony in Texas was planted by Stephen F. Austin, who knew not rest, ease, or personal consideration from the moment he arrived in Texas to

penetrate her dark forests, traverse her virgin prairies, discover her treasures and foretell her wonderful future, until the last days of that fateful era-marking year, 1836, when God, because his work had been well done and "pleasing unto Him," called him home to rest and reward.

He takes a place with those heroes who shall teach to future ages the majesty of a peerless manhood, a pure heart, a patriot's devotion, energy and forbearance; for "The Father of Texas," prudent, amiable and patient, of eminent talent and the rarest virtue, opened to us the highway of civilization when all before him was savage, wild and desolate.

There is an old adage of frequent quoting something like this: "A great man's son will ne'er do him credit." The two Austins, father and son, contradict this old saying and prove its fallacy.

Moses Austin, the father, was a man of strong initiative, keen foresight and ready energy; Stephen, the son, was all of these and more.

Like the two Pitts of England, both father and son were far beyond the ordinary, bringing with their powers of initiative and leadership a practical ability to make others understand and appreciate their purposes. Both possessed the necessary share of enthusiasm which is required to make great projects succeed, and both knew how to impart this enthusiasm to others.

Moses Austin, a native of Durham, Conn., for some years a prosperous merchant in Philadelphia,

and later in Richmond, Va., heard such marvelous accounts of the western wealth, especially the great lead mines in Missouri, that he was determined to seek his fortune amidst the new scenes; so, with his family he crossed the mountains of Virginia, entered the new western country and laid the foundation of what is now Washington County, Missouri.

Through the influence of Baron Carondolet, then Governor of Louisiana, he secured a grant of the lead mines of Potosi, about forty miles west of St. Genevieve where he carried on an extensive and profitable mining business.

At his home, "Durham Hall," he dispensed royal hospitality and many of his friends from Virginia followed him to make homes in the West and to engage with him in the mining enterprise.

When his success was at its height and his fortune had increased far beyond his fondest expectations, the failure of the Bank of Missouri caused him heavy losses. He became seriously involved, and one loss after another so discouraged him that he decided to leave Missouri and seek a still newer country.

He conferred with his son, Stephen, in whom he reposed great confidence, in regard to a plan by which they could go with a colony of Anglo-Americans to the Spanish province, Texas. Young Stephen was heartily in favor of this plan and the arrangement was made for Moses Austin to visit Texas and ask permission to take the colony.

In 1820 Moses Austin went to San Antonio, then the capital of the province, and obtained an interview with Governor Martinez. The Governor, who had received instructions from the Spanish Government "not to allow North Americans to enter Texas under pain of imprisonment," was very brusque and impolite to Austin and ordered him to leave immediately. As he slowly walked through the garden surrounding the Governor's house, hurt at the harsh words, disappointed at the failure of his well-laid plan and trying to make up his mind that his long journey had failed, he met the Baron de Bastrop, whom he had previously known in the United States. The Baron, a Prussian in the service of Mexico, formerly a soldier in the army of Frederick the Great, was then one of the alcaldes of San Antonio.

After expressing his pleasure at meeting Austin, hearing from him the cherished plan of colonizing the province, and perceiving the effect of the ungracious reception of Governor Martinez, the Baron, with great earnestness, went at once to the Governor and persuaded him to again give audience to Austin and to consider the colonization enterprise.

The Governor at the second interview became interested and at the last quite enthusiastic, for he said to Austin: "You may count upon my assistance in every way that duty and circumstance will permit." Bastrop at once secured permission from

the authorities at Monterey for Austin to bring three hundred families to Texas. This permission was easily secured, because in 1798, when Spain owned the Louisiana territory, Austin became a Spanish subject, so he was exempt from the law which, at that time, forbade foreigners settling in Texas.

Austin's homeward journey was filled with terrors and trials. On account of the Gachupin war the country from the Sabine River to San Antonio was practically uninhabited and while crossing this broad expanse of country, when more than two hundred miles from any settlement, he was robbed and cruelly deserted by his companions.

After wandering for weeks and weeks in an exhausted and enfeebled condition, subsisting upon acorns and herbs, he at last found his way to the McGoffin settlement, on the Sabine River, where he rested and somewhat regained his strength before resuming the journey homeward. He reached his home in Missouri finally, his energy undampened and his bold spirit unquenched by numerous hardships. In the spring of 1821 he began active operations to remove permanently to Texas. But his faith in his plans and his almost supernatural energy could not resist the fatal disease which was slowly creeping upon him.

The exposure to the blasts of winter, the long nights spent in the snow and soaking rain, the weeks without proper food and the terrible anxiety,

brought his life to an end on the tenth day of June, 1821, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Just a few days before his death he received notice from the Spanish authorities that his application for permission to plant a colony in Texas had received all of the necessary indorsements and he would be welcomed at any time.

His last words were an earnest request that his son, Stephen F. Austin, should colonize the Province of Texas. The father was spared the trials, hardships and suffering incident to the development of his plan. In the providence of God that was to be the life work of the son.

Stephen Fuller Austin, born at Austinville, near New River, Wythe County, Virginia, on the third day of November, 1793, when a very small boy was taught self-dependence and to draw upon his own resources. At the age of eleven years he was sent to school at Calchester Academy, Connecticut, where he remained one year, thence to the academy at New London, where he remained three years, and last to Transylvania University, Kentucky, where for two years he made a good record.

Upon leaving the university he was elected to the Territorial Legislature of Missouri from Washington County, and was re-elected for three successive years.

When Moses Austin lost the accumulated savings of more than twenty successful years, due to the failure of the Bank of Missouri, and went to Texas

to make application in person to the Governor to plant a colony there, Stephen, who with great earnestness entered into the colonization scheme, purchased a small farm at Long Prairie, on Red River, in the Arkansas territory, to be a place for rest and recruiting for the colonists as they journeyed to Texas.

In 1819, while at Long Prairie, Stephen was appointed Circuit Judge in the Arkansas Territory. In 1820 he went to New Orleans to investigate the means by which the colonists might enter Texas and to study the laws which would prepare him for his duties of colonization. In June he heard from Natchitoches, Louisiana, that the commissioner, Don Erasmo Seguin, sent by Governor Martinez, to escort his father's colony into Texas, had arrived and was waiting there for the colony. Stephen hastened to Natchitochs to meet the commissioner and after waiting there a few days and receiving no message from his father, started with the party for Texas.

They had not crossed the Sabine River when Stephen Austin, hearing that letters had arrived for him at Natchitoches, hastily returned to receive them. They advised him of his father's death. Realizing the tremendous responsibility which rested upon him and firm in his pledge to prove himself worthy of his noble father, he faithfully accepted the trust which his father in his dying moments had left him and gave his life to Texas. Don Erasmo

Seguin received him, as his father's successor, and the journey to Texas was continued, the party crossing the Sabine River on the sixteenth day of July and reaching the Guadalupe River on the tenth day of August.

Upon the arrival of the party in San Antonio, Governor Martinez extended formal welcome to Austin and bade him select the site to plant his colony. He was not long in deciding upon the beautiful piece of country watered by the Brazos and the Colorado Rivers.

Austin now returned to New Orleans to bring his colonists to Texas. With the aid of his friend, J. L. Hawkins, he fitted out a small schooner *Lively,* which, having on board eighteen passengers, provisions, arms and ammunition, sailed for Texas on the twentieth day of October, 1821. Austin gave the party specific instructions to ascend the Colorado River until they found a suitable place for settlement, where they were instructed to build cabins and to erect the necessary Indian defenses. The *Lively* was never heard from and her fate is not known. The day after the departure of the *Lively,* Austin left New Orleans and proceeded by way of Natchitoches to Matagorda Bay, where he expected to meet his *Lively* party. At Natchitoches he was joined by a number of colonists, chiefly those who had read the published notices of the beauty, health and rich opportunity offered in Texas, and some

who had accepted Austin's invitation to join the colony.

When Austin and this party reached the mouth of the Colorado River, they searched long and well for the schooner *Lively*. In despair they journeyed to La Bahia crossing (Goliad), where Austin happily met his brother, John Brown Austin, and they proceeded, with twenty men to San Antonio.

Since the visit of Moses Austin to Governor Martinez, Mexican independence had been declared by Iturbide, and the Governor doubted seriously whether or not the new government would sanction his acts in regard to the colony. He urged Austin to avoid all uncertainty by going in person to the City of Mexico, lay his plans before the authorities and secure recognition of his right as a colonist. His mind intent upon the success of his colony and fearing no hardships or dangers, Austin left his colony in charge of Josiah Bell and set out upon the journey of more than twelve hundred miles, much of the time disguised as a beggar or a forlorn soldier, traveling on foot and meeting many hair-breadth escapes, for the highways were alive with robbers and murderers. The country through which he passed appealed to his sense of the beautiful and picturesque and though weary in body he was charmed with the flowers, the fruits, the miles of the native maguey plant growing in even, geo-

metric rows, the quaint and curious adobe houses with here and there a handsome "hacienda" (a Mexican country house). In spite of the treachery and awful crimes which he saw committed every day, he was compensated somewhat in the absence of all creature comfort and safety by the aspect of nature in her gayest holiday attire. Soon after the arrival of Austin in the city, the government, which was "torn in many factions," proclaimed Iturbide Emperor. As a consequence there was much uncertainty and delay in respect to all legal transactions.

In February, 1823, a new colonization law was finally passed and Austin having succeeded in the object of his visit was preparing to return to Texas when he saw unmistakable signs of another revolution, and fearing that the confirmation of his rights as a colonist, which he had received with such difficulty, might all be undone, he determined to delay a while to note the changes in the Mexican government.

"The changes" were rapid; Congress decreed "that the coronation of Iturbide was null and void, being an act of violence," and "that all executive acts of government from the 19th day of May, 1822, to the 28th day of March, 1823, were illegal and subject to revision." This proved that Austin was very wise in waiting for the end of the revolution. With his usual energy he sought "the confirmation of his rights as a colonist" from the new government,

and on the 11th day of April, 1823, Congress referred his request to the supreme executive power. The executive power, by decree, confirmed in full the privileges and powers granted to Austin, and a copy of the decree was presented to him, on the fourteenth day of April, 1823.

He had been absent from his colony one year, during which time he had obtained a substantial knowledge of the language, the laws, the customs and the religion of the people and he made friends with many of the enlightened men of Mexico, impressing them with his straightforwardness and integrity. Austin had rare diplomacy and he was a statesman in the school of sound common sense.

On the 18th day of April, 1823, he started for home, stopping at Monterey, where the commanding general of the eastern internal province, which included Texas, bestowed upon him the rank of lieutenant colonel. This gave him the power to make war against the Indians and he received permission to introduce supplies into the colony by way of Galveston. He was instructed to make report at stated times to the Governor of Texas, giving account of all important happenings in his colony.

Baron de Bastrop, his father's friend, accompanied him to Texas and they reached the colony in July, 1823.

The colonists received their beloved leader with a joy unto thanksgiving; a few of the settlers had become discouraged and returned to their homes in

the United States and some few had found homes in other portions of Texas, but the greater number had remained faithful and were ready and eager to build up their colony.

The Governor of Texas, Don Luciana Garcia, who, like the former Governor, Martinez, seemed interested in the affairs of the Texans, named the capital of the colony San Felipe de Austin, in honor of Austin and of his own patron saint.

He appointed Austin "Empresario," which office gave him almost unlimited authority; but Austin possessed a keen knowledge of men, a great heart and a ready tact, so he ruled with gentleness and kindness and though the greatest among them he was the helper and the comrade of all.

Happiness reigned. San Felipe de Austin became the center of an enthusiastic, thriving community. In 1825 Austin secured permission to bring five hundred families to increase his colony, and after this the people came in large numbers to Texas; they heard of the fine climate, cheap living and good discipline, and the new towns of Columbia, Brazoria, Gonzales, San Augustine and Victoria became prosperous settlements.

Not only did Austin exercise wise control over his own colony, but he was interested in the welfare of all of the Texas people and did what he could to direct the general course of colonization.

In 1827 there occurred what is known as the "Fredonian War." A tract of land in Eastern

Texas had been granted to Hadyn Edwards, a Kentuckian, upon which he had planted a colony. He had much annoyance due to the nearness of the "neutral ground" where lurked dangers of all character, robbers, cut-throats and all doers of lawlessness, but the greatest difficulty with which Edwards had to contend was the uncertainty of his claim. The land upon which he was established was claimed by the Mexicans, who constantly threatened the colonists, and it was also claimed by the parties who were living upon it before Edwards planted his colony.

When Edwards was absent in the United States, so persistent did the strife become that the Mexican government took away the grant and ordered the colonists to leave. The colonists appealed to the Governor for assistance and being refused, determined to make Texas an independent Republic, calling themselves "Fredonians" and the Republic which they desired to establish "Fredonia."

The Cherokee Indians, who were also angry with the Mexican government for refusing to grant to them a section of land long ago promised, joined Edwards and his colonists in a convention, declaring "that Fredonia was then and ever should be free from Mexico." This convention made a division of Texas, giving all land north of a line running from Nacogdoches east and west to the Cherokees and all south to the colonists. The Indians proved to be unfaithful allies.

Nacogdoches was the headquarters for the colonists and the Indians.

Austin, who realized how terrible would be the results from resisting the Mexican government, pleaded with the colonists to give up their idea of rebellion. He sent three of his colonists, as commissioners, to persuade the leaders to abandon their Fredonia plan. Though Austin's course was rational and right and he could see the folly of such action, the Fredonians were determined and persisted in their head-strong action.

The Cherokees upon renewed promise of land from the Mexican government deserted the Fredonians and joined the Mexicans.

The Mexicans advanced upon Nacogdoches, and realizing their weakness, the Fredonians, of fewer than two hundred men, were forced to surrender.

Edwards and some of his men sought homes in Louisiana. But for the influence of Austin all the Fredonia colony would have gone with Edwards and East Texas would have been depopulated. With tact Austin interceded with the Mexican authorities to treat with kindness the colonists who remained.

The colonists at San Felipe de Austin were improving their homes, erecting churches and building up a good citizenship, but in spite of these outward evidences of happiness and peace, they were frequently reminded that danger was very near. Mexico had forbidden by strictest law fur-

ther colonization from the United States. The taxes on property were so increased that the colonists could hardly pay them. The Mexican government had taken all arms and means of defense from the colonists, thereby leaving them helpless at the mercies of the Indians and Mexicans.

Brutal, insolent Mexican soldiers were placed on guard in every community and the colonists who resisted their insults were thrown into prison. The Texans were outraged and determined to stop such tyranny if it cost them their lives. A convention was called at San Felipe de Austin in April, 1833. (This convention is known as the second convention at San Felipe de Austin.)

Earnestly and defiantly did the Texans review the oppression of Mexico. The pitiful, desolate condition of the men, women and children of the colony! And their helplessness! The delegates, who were ready to give their lives for Texas, made thoughtful speeches; the convention was composed of brave men, Americans who later filled places of honor and trust. David G. Burnet, the first president of the Republic of Texas, was a delegate; Sam Houston, soon to be the hero of San Jacinto, was a delegate; Dr. Branch T. Archer, Stephen F. Austin and J. B. Miller were delegates. The delegates voted to send a memorial to the Government of Mexico, asking that the unnecessary laws be repealed, and W. H. Wharton, J. B. Miller and Stephen F. Austin were selected by the convention to

present the memorial to the National Congress of Mexico.

Nobody knew better than did Austin the dangers, greater now than ever before, of a journey to the City of Mexico, but his people cried to him for aid and they depended upon him. He could not resist their appeal, so with full knowledge of the distance and the dangers, fearless patriot that he was, he made the journey — and he made it alone.

Farias, the vice president of Mexico, was in control of governmental affairs at the time of Austin's arrival in the city, and though Austin tried repeatedly to obtain an interview with him, he was so occupied with his own affairs that he had no time for Austin and Texas. Such a small matter as a colony in Texas could not take up his valuable time.

After the most tantalizing delays, a spell of illness and every form of discouragement, through the kindness and courtesy of Lorenzo de Zavala, who was later the devoted friend to the Texas patriots, Austin met Farias. He told him in very plain words that if Mexico did not repeal her cruel laws and cease her outrageous conduct towards Texas that Texas would take charge of her own affairs. He sent a carefully prepared letter to the authorities in San Antonio, giving an account of this interview, and stating that in his judgment the Texas people would very soon have to prepare for a government of their own. Upon the receipt of this letter the San Antonio authorities declared it an

act of treason, and sent it at once to Vice President Farias, who became furious at its contents. He sent officers to arrest Austin, who had left the city on his way to Texas, and place him in prison.

For four months Austin was guarded in a Mexican dungeon without lights, books, pen or paper; he was then removed to another prison where he was more humanely treated and good Father Muldoon, who upon a former occasion had been kind to him, provided him with pen and paper and he kept account of the passing of the lonely, monotonous prison days while he thought of his beloved colonists and earnestly prayed that he might be permitted to save them.

When Santa Anna, the president of Mexico, who had been busy thinking out a scheme by which he might make himself dictator, finally resumed his official duties, the Texas matter came up for discussion. Austin, again aided by our good friend De Zavala, went before him and pleaded eloquently that the cruel laws might be revoked and especially that Texas might be separated from the State of Coahuila. The affairs of the State of Coahuila were constantly in an unsettled and revolutionary condition, and this interfered with the management of affairs in Texas. The Texans knew that they needed no assistance from Coahuila and they wanted to be separate and distinct.

Santa Anna's ruling was that Texas was not strong enough to be a separate State and that he

would send soldiers to protect the people. To this Austin bitterly objected, saying that Texas could protect her own frontier without any assistance from Mexico. Santa Anna made the most flattering assurances of his love for Texas, his pride in her growth and her people, but Austin was still kept in prison.

Santa Anna at last was made dictator of Mexico and controlled the National Congress which in turn controlled the State Legislatures, and when he found that Texas would not bow to his yoke of despotism, that she would not for one moment endure his cruelties, he determined to conquer the Texans — and the sooner the better.

Impaired in health, wearied from the days of loneliness and prison darkness and heartsick at the treatment of his people, Austin, after an awful two years, found his way back to his colony. He rested one short month, when, with San Felipe as the center of action, the war began. Austin gave his private means to provide for the equipment of the Texas soldiers. The Texans were eager for war. At the first fighting, at Gonzales, on the second day of October, 1835, the Texans lost not a single man, and the Mexicans lost four killed and many wounded.

In spite of his ill health Austin actively entered the army service and on the eleventh day of October, 1835, by unanimous vote he was elected "commander in chief of the army of the people."

After ordering a thorough organization and appointing his staff, he marched to San Antonio, the great stronghold of the Mexicans, whither Mexican soldiers had been sent to take the arms away from the Texans.

The capture of Goliad on the ninth day of October, 1835, was a victory for the Texans and in the battle of Concepcion, on the twenty-eighth day of October, the Mexicans under General Cos were successfully besieged in San Antonio. This victory made the Texans more and more eager to fight and they could not endure inactivity and waiting.

Austin realized the state of mind of the Texans, their indignation and their determination to win; he further knew that the discipline of the Texas army depended upon his own judgment, tact and the love which his soldiers bore him, together with their natural sense and undoubted patriotism. He saw plainly that a well organized government was an absolute necessity, that without it discipline could not be maintained and the best interests of the people preserved.

A great deal had been said in regard to a provisional government and many of the citizens favored it; now Austin urged its formation upon all those who were soldiers in the army of Texas and those who remained at home. He arranged that a general meeting or "consultation" should be held, which should consider all matters great and small, which affected the welfare of the people and future

action was to be determined upon. This "consultation," called at San Felipe on the third day of November, 1835, for the purpose of organizing a provisional government, resulted in the election of Dr. Branch T. Archer, president. Dr. Archer, William H. Wharton and Stephen F. Austin were appointed commissioners to the United States to secure aid and supplies.

The provisional government, having reached a state of complete organization, appointed Henry Smith Governor and J. W. Robinson Lieutenant Governor. Sam Houston was made commander in chief of the army and was empowered to command other troops which might be raised.

In order that he might obey the call of the government to go to the United States Austin withdrew from the army. Before his departure he impressed upon the soldiers the importance of continuing the siege upon San Antonio and emphasized the necessity of new organization.

The Adjutant General was instructed to "call upon the troops to volunteer to remain before San Antonio and to organize at once for the purpose."

Four hundred and five pledged themselves to remain and the election of a commander for the troops at San Antonio resulted in the election of Edward Burleson; only those pledged to remain were allowed to vote.

The commissioners upon their departure for the United States were instructed to "approach the

government in regard to the independence or annexation of Texas, and to procure men, arms, ammunition and all necessary supplies." They were successful to an extent beyond their fondest hopes. In New Orleans two loans were contracted, amounting to $250,000. Austin pledged his private fortune to effect these loans.

In an eloquent address delivered at Louisville, Ky., Austin presented the condition of Texas, her claims, her rights, her opportunities; and gained from those who heard both sympathy and assistance. He asked and received assistance at New York, Cincinnati, Nashville and Mobile.

Before leaving Washington for home, in a letter to General Houston, written on the twenty-fourth day of May, 1836, Austin wrote: "I am of the opinion that our independence will be acknowledged and that Texas will be admitted into the United States, if properly asked for."

San Jacinto now won, the Mexicans conquered, and Texas free from tyranny and despotic rule, the attention of the citizens was turned to the cultivation of the land for which they had so valiantly fought.

Austin was correct in his foresight; Texas independence was acknowledged and Texas was later admitted into the Union.

When the time came for the election of the president, Austin was mentioned, because of his great worthiness and enormous service to Texas, but it

was evident that the soldiers who had fought with General Houston, and who so desired to honor him, favored his election to the highest office. He was unanimously proclaimed president at Columbia, on the Brazos, which was then the capital.

When the government was organized, Austin accepted the office of Secretary of State in President Houston's Cabinet. He continued to work for Texas with his accustomed zeal until he was seized with an attack of pneumonia, from which he died on the twenty-seventh day of December, 1836, aged forty-three years. The remains of the "Father of Texas," accompanied by all the officers of the government, were carried to Peach Point, Brazoria County, where, with due ceremony, they were laid to rest. His death was mourned by every man, woman and child in Texas.

The State of Texas has erected, in Statuary Hall in our National Capitol at Washington, also in our State Capitol at Austin, a statue of Stephen F. Austin, which exquisite work was executed by Elisabet Ney, the Texas sculptor. Our proud Capital City, set upon her circle of hills, named in his honor and rapidly becoming more and more beautiful from the plastic hand of art and the tireless hand of industry, is a living memorial to his genius and strength.

As this State, which he founded, is destined to grow in prosperity and influence, even unto the heights of excellence and glory, so will his name and fame grow brighter as time leaps on to eternity.

ON THE TRAIL WITH A BEAR HUNTER

"Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is the best loved of the schoolboy's mottoes, and it was this little phrase by which David Crockett lived and by which he died. He was never afraid to be right, however difficult the result or whatever it may have cost. He was never afraid to "go ahead," far ahead, and he succeeded. Men usually do when they persist in the right.

It is the western character, that peculiar type of American manhood, which exhibits the very rapid passing from one distinct scene of life to another, and that passing with perfect ease, naturally, with no delay or hesitation.

The story of David Crockett is, first, the story of a bear hunter in the wilds of the forests of East and Middle Tennessee in the early days of the nineteenth century. He was a hunter who scorned the cold wind, the ice and the sleet; who loved the days and nights in the canebrake, the hollow tree or on the trail. To him a bearskin was a trophy and he thought nothing of returning from a day's hunt with a half dozen.

The stories of hunting in India are full of peril and dangerous encounters, but they are as nothing

compared to the conditions which David Crockett met in hazard and adventure.

His amusement and the relief for his concentrated energies was in bear hunting and he hunted bears with the earnestness which characterized everything else that he did, entering into the bear hunt determined to kill the bear, and this spirit of determination marked every effort of his life.

The story of David Crockett is the story of an Indian fighter, persistent, courageous, not afraid of any band of Indians, however large or however savage; faithful to his leader, absolutely trustworthy, and the friend of every man in his command. He was equal to long journeys, the care of the wounded and dying, as well as the firing in the front line at the Indians who seemed to hide behind every tree.

Many a woman's and many a child's life did David Crockett save when the Indians were ready to lift their scalps.

His is the story of a pioneer of the type of such men as Daniel Boone. He prepared the way for others; with a strong heart and tireless hands he laid the foundation for a great commonwealth. The men and women with whom he was associated were poor and unlettered. Rude, as a rule, they knew nothing of refined manners, comely bearing, or good homes, and they had little time or inclination for these. They were strong, plain, many of them great-hearted, level-headed, and their hands were scarred and hard with honest labor.

As a pioneer, David Crockett was wild, even fierce, and so strong in will that when he once made up his mind to do a thing, or to act upon a conviction, the organized world could not change him. He couldn't be scared into anything. He lived in a wild, rough time, when the country called for men of iron will, strong nerve and glowing patriotism. He was full of that mysterious omnipotent something which we call "presence." Naturally he was a leader and had little trouble in securing followers. Brimming over with fun and action, making the most of all awkward conditions and alive to everything, he was a part of the forest and frontier life, and there have been few men of more athletic strength or physical endurance. In his composition laziness was an unknown quantity.

The story of David Crockett is the story of an early American politician. As a member of the legislature, his example is a strong one in favor of perseverance when everything seems against him, and of not seeking glory, as glory is sure to follow successful effort. Just how much may be accomplished by industry is pretty well shown by David Crockett's political growth and rapid advancement.

His wisdom was not learned from books. His hold upon the people was due to his understanding of the people and his superb interpretation of human character. As a successful or as a defeated candidate, he is the same rugged, picturesque na-

ture, not embittered by defeat or inflated with success.

A speech from an educated orator, speaking upon the ethics of the law and the needs of the people, could not compare with his stump speeches in point of securing votes, and during his career in congress he gained the respect and friendship of the greatest statesmen of his time.

And, last, the story of David Crockett is the story of a man who was willing and who knew how to die for the right; a loyal, devoted Texan, one of the few who won immortal renown fighting for the independence of Texas; one whose name should be among the first which Texas mothers should teach their children to lisp, for he was worthy of the honor and loving remembrance of every Texan. Nothing in his life was more sublime than the ending of it.

David, son of John and Rebecca Hawkins Crockett, was born in Green county, Tennessee, on the seventeenth day of August, 1786. John Crockett, of Irish descent, was a farmer, living for some years in the State of Pennsylvania. He was a soldier in the American revolution and fought at the battle of King's Mountain and other battles during the campaigns in the South. After the close of the war he lived for a time in North Carolina, from which state he removed to that part of the country called Tennessee, which was not then a state. Re-

becca Crockett was born in Maryland. David's grandparents were murdered in their own home by the Creek Indians, and others of the family were killed or taken prisoners. Many of the early immigrants to Tennessee suffered the same fate at the hands of the Indians, whose savagery and awful depredations kept back for years the tide of immigration.

The Crocketts were poor and lived far into the backwoods, having no opportunity to give advantages of any kind to their six sons and three daughters.

David was the fifth son, coming along near the "middle" of the family, so he did not have the leadership usually accorded to the oldest son, the good luck of the seventh son or the petted care and protection always given, by common consent, to the youngest.

It was hard to make a living in the new, wild country and the time which should have been employed in cultivating the land and hewing the great trees was taken up in using necessary precaution against the cunning Indians. David's early years were spent in the heart of the woods, on the Indian trails, and going into every part of the country accessible to an active, healthy boy.

It was during these days of wandering that he developed his passion for hunting. As a little boy he would spend days, nights, often weeks in the

woods, and he was a successful hunter, bringing home, as a welcome addition to the family larder, bear, deer and small game.

He knew the nature and habits of the game he sought and it would seem that this child of the forest partook somewhat of the nature of his animal friends, who lived in the wilds, for he was a rover, wandering with his gun and dog whither his restless heart might lead.

He was not curbed in these tastes by his father. On the contrary he seems to have been encouraged. The senior Crockett, always hardpressed and little dreaming that his boy David was born for other things than a life of day labor, put him to work with a Dutchman who was leaving Tennessee for Rockbridge county, Virginia.

David traveled the greater part of the journey, which was more than 400 miles, on foot, won the confidence of his master and served him well. But, wild boy that he was, he was attached to his mountain home and the first sight of wagoners going in the Tennessee direction convinced him that his homesickness was genuine. He listened to the call of the wild, and joyfully returned with them.

His school days began with a fight and an exile from home. After the fourth day of school, being "sure he was right," he went ahead to mercilessly whip a boy older and larger than himself, and, in order to avoid the flogging of the school master and probably one from his father, he ran away. When

sufficient time had elapsed to remove all anxiety concerning the school incident and his father's anger, David returned home to receive an enthusiastic welcome from his brothers and sisters and the blessing of his parents who thought he was dead.

His was a yielding heart, and though a brave man, apparently proof against the Indians' arrows, like many another brave man he was weak in the presence of a beautiful woman. Time and time again he fell in love with some pretty mountain girl, but his suit was always rejected. Upon being refused by one girl who was, so far as her surroundings would permit, an educated woman, he made the resolution upon which much of his later success depended. He decided that his misfortunes grew out of the fact that he was uncouth and uneducated. He saw the way and he started to school, working two days of the week to pay the tuition for the other three, and in six months he had learned to read, spell and "cipher some." This is all the schooling that David Crockett ever received.

Persistency won, and he finally married a sprightly Irish girl, after a precarious courtship, but he was right this time and went ahead and history and tradition record that they lived happily.

The terrible massacre by the Creek Indians at Fort Mimms, in August, 1813, caused Crockett to take up arms against the Indians, so he enlisted with the Tennesseeans and served as a scout under General Jackson. He distinguished himself for

fearlessness, even boldness, and was greatly beloved by his fellow soldiers. His life in the woods had made him familiar with the haunts of the cunning, wily Creeks, and not only was he the best hunter in camp, he was the best forager, and this made him necessary to the comfort of the soldiers.

The Indians fought with bows and arrows, clubs, guns, and with their long, sharp knives scalped every white man in reach and dozens of scalps hung from every Indian's belt. Crockett had many narrow escapes. Sometimes by his accurate firing, sometimes by his wit, sometimes by his understanding of the Indian nature and characteristics but oftener by his broad humanity, he was preserved.

When the Indian hostilities stopped and the battle of New Orleans had been fought, Crockett returned to his home to begin that part of his life devoted to the peaceful interests of his country. He soon became a magistrate and later was elected to the national congress.

The death of his young wife, at the close of his military service, was a great sorrow to him. She left three children and in them he found comfort and later was happily married the second time.

He was appointed magistrate in 1821, and when the legislature added the settlement in which he lived to the white settlements in Giles county, he was appointed " squire " by the law. Nothing short of the native wit of David Crockett could have saved

him, for warrants and notices were required in writing and he barely knew how to write his name. He told his constable that whenever a warrant was required not to trouble to return to the office, but to "just write it out." When the warrants were returned, David studied them carefully until he learned to write one for himself. He permitted no man to find out what he did not know. His decisions were based upon common sense and justice from man to man. He relied upon his own common sense and the common sense of others. He was not guided by a knowledge of written law, for at this time he had never seen a law book.

During his race for the legislature, when his opponents, experienced lawyers and politicians, consumed the entire time in speech-making, ignoring the back-woodsman, he listened attentively and learned much of the political situations, both state and national. When they had finished speaking Crockett would mount the stump, tell a good story and secure the votes of the auditors, who were fatigued by the learned speeches. During his service in the legislature he had the usual opportunities to sell his honor, to forsake principle for party and to be the mouth-piece for dishonest schemers and promoters, but David Crockett followed the course which marked his life, that of coolness, determination and being sure of the right before going ahead.

Though defeated the first time he ran for congress, his record was so clean and his honesty so

apparent that those who were opponents became his friends, and he was next time elected and then re-elected.

Cautious, saying little, placing the stamp of his individuality upon everything that he did, his friends believed him to be right in everything that he advocated. He was irrepressible with frolic, jest and laughter; his very name carried with it geniality and fellowship, at the same time nerve and enormous determination. Unique and individual, loved and loving, his course in congress was marked by the most original electioneering ever employed by an American candidate.

He heartily and honestly opposed the policies of General Jackson. His friends tried to dissuade him from this, as Jackson was strong with the people, and when Crockett's opponents spread the report that he opposed Jackson's Indian bill, he was defeated for congress, though elected the next time, after a hard-fought and close contest. It was during this session of congress, in 1834, that he made a tour through the East. At Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston he was toasted, entertained and great appreciation was shown for his rugged manhood and excellent service to his country. The young Whigs of Philadelphia presented him with the famous rifle, *Betsy,* which was his companion upon so many bear hunts and his means of defense in a cause so dear to us.

The most characteristic incident of this eventful

tour was Crockett's refusal to visit Harvard university for fear a degree would be conferred upon him. He liked the title, "member of congress," and cared not for "ready-made" honors. He was content with what little "learning" he had and called the university a "branding school." He probably feared the view his constituents might take of it.

These new scenes and new environments were very helpful to him, and though he was unaccustomed to the mode of life, he rapidly became a part of it and his frankness and genial manner made friends for him by the score.

When he was defeated at the next election it was a great disappointment to him, for he had developed a taste for public life and his tour through the East had increased his desire to remain before the people. It requires a defeat sometimes to accomplish the greatest results. Had David Crockett been again elected to congress he could not have shared the greater glory of fighting for Texan independence. His name and career would not have been an inheritance for every boy and girl in this commonwealth. It is those people who sometime fail who really accomplish most, for the man who never fails is the man who never attempts.

Defeated at home in his political ambition, David Crockett naturally sought other fields of usefulness. He solemnly resolved to cast his lot with the Texans, to fight with them for their independence and

what he loved best on earth — liberty. He probably expected to return to Tennessee when other officers had gained control of the government, but he was irresistibly drawn to the struggling, persecuted men who were fighting for Texas, so, being sure he was right, he started to Texas and the last of the story belongs to Texans of to-day as well as to Texans of yesterday; for while valor is praised in song and story, while men admire those qualities of heart and mind which glorify the pages of history, sacred or profane, the plain tale of this plain, yet remarkable, man will remain an inspiration to countless generations yet unborn.

His resolution to assist the Texans became stronger as he advanced upon his journey, and all along the way he sought information in regard to the progress of the war and the welfare of the Texans. He tried to influence others to go with him to fight for freedom, but he secured few recruits.

Once in a while on the journey he was induced to make a speech and he took occasion to ridicule the politics of General Jackson without mercy. It seemed to be the order of political speaking of his time to be severe and abusive.

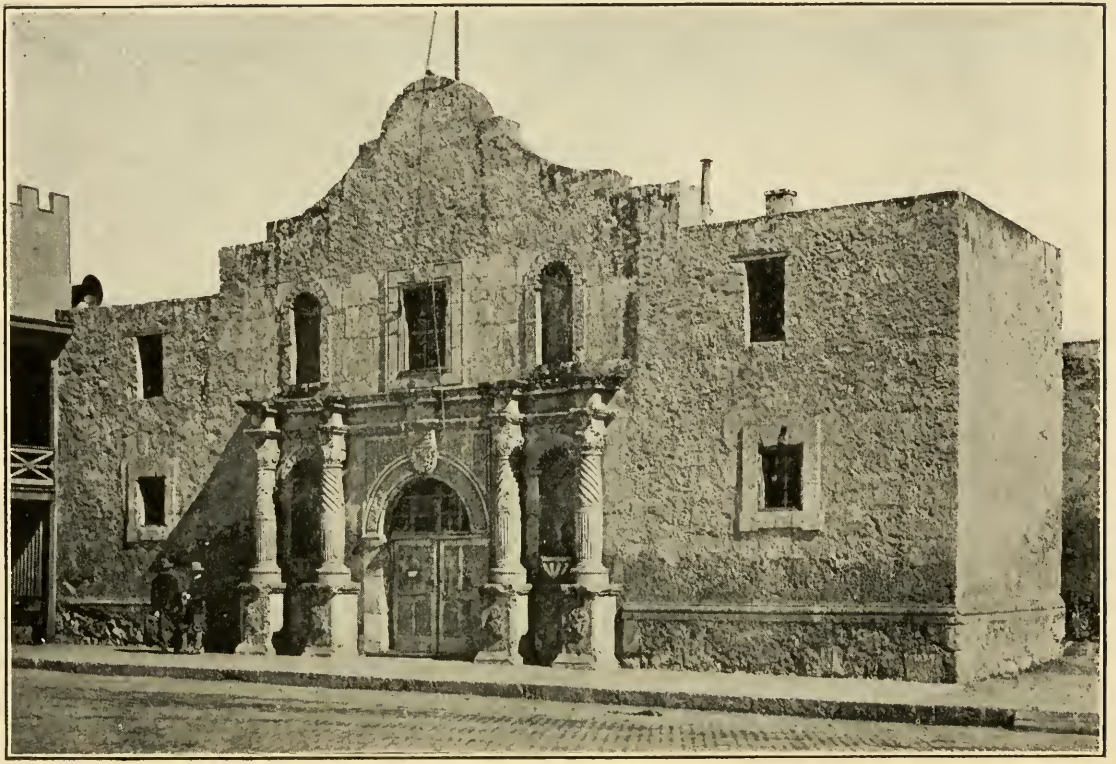
At Nachitoches, La., a town on the Red river, he persuaded a traveler to accompany him to Texas, and a little later he found another and they then started for Nacogdoches, Texas, situated about sixty miles west of the Sabine river, and the capital of

the department of that name. In Nacogdoches the French had established a fort in 1717, in order to control the Indians who wandered between the French possessions and those of the English colonists. Here Crockett gained definite information of the movements of the Texans and their great distress and he rejoiced that he had resolved to fight with them.

The journey over the broad, beautiful and lonesome prairies of Texas was alive with interest to Crockett. He found plenty of game, chased a herd of buffalo, had a mad, wild race with a drove of mustangs, killed a number of wolves, a cougar, or Mexican lion, and met a band of Comanche Indians with whom he made friends, and for some distance they acted as a valuable guide on his journey.

His love for dangerous situations and adventure was gratified on every hand, and he was willing to meet the results of his boldness and rashness. He and his two companions put to flight a number of armed Mexicans, for the man whom Indians and lions could not dismay was ready to meet the riders in the big sombreros. Each day of the long ride from Nacogdoches to the town of Bexar, on the San Antonio river, where was situated the fortress Alamo, brought its own interesting events.

These were happy days to David Crockett, who was fascinated with the new country and was spurred on and on with the desire to assist those Americans who were determined to save themselves from Mexican servitude.



THE ALAMO.

A FIGHT WITHIN A CONVENT WALL

At the time David Crockett reached the town of Bexar, which is the San Antonio of to-day, its inhabitants consisted of about 1,200 Mexicans, a few American families and a garrison of soldiers. It was as early as 1718 that a military post was established at Bexar by the Spaniards, and in 1721 the little town was settled by immigrants from the Canary Islands by order of the king of Spain.

Until 1812 the town grew and prospered, but after that the citizens were so harassed by the Indians and such suffering and loss of property was caused by their depredations that the prosperity of the town was destroyed.

San Antonio was captured from the Mexicans by General Burleson on the ninth day of December, 1835, after a struggle of five days and nights, during which siege he lost only four men, but one of these was the grand old soldier, Colonel Ben Milam.

The Mexicans, who had built strong fortifications, were driven by the Texans from street to street and from house to house until the Mexican commander, General Cos, who was a brother-in-law of Santa Anna, president of Mexico, retreated to the fortress Alamo, just without the town on the east side of the river, and raised a white flag.

The Alamo, as were all Spanish missions, was both church and fortress and included the main chapel, hospital, convent, convent garden, barracks and prison. The powder was stored away in the sacristy of the church. The mission Alamo was begun in 1703 on the Rio Grande, moved to San Antonio in 1718 and in 1744 it was built where its ruins now stand.

The flag was raised and terms of capitulation offered. These articles of capitulation, being satisfactory, were accepted by the Texans, who marched into the town, raised their flag and took possession of the fort.

When David Crockett arrived at the Alamo, early in February, 1836, he found Colonel William B. Travis in command; and though there were barely 150 men, they were animated with the spirit of liberty, determined to live and worship God according to their own ideas and they were willing to follow their leader, even unto death.

Colonel Bowie of Louisiana was second in command. He was a most interesting character, whose life had been marked by danger and adventure. He gave Crockett a warm welcome, and a friendship immediately sprang up between the two, for they had much in common. Crockett looked with wonder at the long, broad knife which Colonel Bowie used, which was called then, and is known to this day as the bowie knife.

Colonel James Bonham of North Carolina was

another of the defenders. These men watched by day and by night for the movements of the unreliable Santa Anna, whom even the Indians hated, and they were ready with their clubs and tomahawks to fight him.

Finding they would be completely surrounded if they remained in the town, caught in a veritable death trap, the little band of Texans held a council of war and decided to go at once to the fort, whither they had sent their supplies. They swore to defend this fort to the last minute of their lives.

As they entered the fort and raised their flag, the old walls echoed with songs and cheers, their strong voices accompanied by the drum and fife, gave no evidence of fear or misgiving. With laughter, high spirits and heroic confidence they took their places behind the guns at the embrasures in the walls of the church, keeping a vigilant eye upon the approach of the Mexicans.

On the twenty-second day of February, Santa Anna in person arrived. Without delay he sent a messenger to Colonel Travis, demanding immediate surrender. To this message Travis replied, "No" by the boom of a cannon.

The red flag of the Mexicans then went up on the tower of San Fernando church at Bexar, which signified "No quarter," and the attack of the Mexicans began, systematically, slowly, deliberately, ending only on the eleventh day of the siege of the fort. A reinforcement of thirty-two men came to

the Texans from Gonzales and Colonel Fannin at Goliad was notified of the desperate condition in the fort, and he sent word that he would come immediately with assistance.

Bowie never ceased to watch, ready with his knife and gun, though he was confined to his cot, ill from over-anxiety and exposure.

On the 27th ten bombs were thrown into the convent yard, doing little damage, and that evening the scouts returned, reporting that slaughter for miles around was indiscriminate. Men, women and children alike were butchered.

The enemy increased daily in numbers, and were coming from all directions, soon to surround the fort. This, together with the fact that the brave Bowie grew worse each day, was enough to dishearten the Texans, but they remained confident, their courage never failing, and from the windows in the fort rifle balls spat defiance at the Mexicans.

On the second day of March the declaration of Texan independence was framed at the town of Washington, and no man in Texas entered more into the spirit of this almighty idea, so powerful and extensive, than did David Crockett.

Colonel Travis said he would hold the fort until he received relief or he would perish in the attempt, but he could not realize the desperate condition of the garrison. The Texans gave up all hope of receiving assistance from Refugio or Goliad, and on the fourth day of March Colonel Travis, brave soul

that he was, told his men that "in case the enemy should carry the fort, to fight to the last gasp and render their victory even more serious to them than to us." He gave his men permission to leave if they wished, and then drew a line on the ground with his sword, saying: "All who are ready to die a hero, come across to me." All save one man, who escaped over the wall, promptly, silently, crossed the line beyond which lay death. Even the sick Bowie demanded to be carried across on his cot.

The Mexican troops had increased until they numbered between five and six thousand men. They surrounded and laid siege upon the Alamo at dawn Sunday, the sixth day of March, 1836. They brought ladders, axes and crowbars with which to climb upon and batter the walls.

The Texans, with pistols, knives and rifles, fought fearlessly and furiously, killing hundreds of the Mexicans. The battle raged with fire and blood until daybreak, and it was in the chapel of the fort that the conflict ended. Piled high were the dead and dying Mexicans, bloody and powder-stained.

With their knives buried deep in the throats of the Mexicans, guns in hand, lay the Texas soldiers; it was a hand-to-hand fight at the last and the foes died face to face. General Castrillon, a Mexican officer, was not a coward, and he had noted the fearlessness of the Texans, hoping that Santa Anna would cease his butchery; but the President of

Mexico in a fury never stopped until each Texan was a martyr.

The Mexicans swarmed about the dead patriots, leaped upon them, pulled them into the mire and dirt, kicked and trod upon them, burying their bayonets deep into the faithful hearts.

The light of the morning filled the chapel and convent yard, but it was the light of the Eternal morning which now brightly lighted the way for those who were a self-sacrifice absolute. Bowie, lying in bed, had discharged his gun and used his knife. The Mexicans dared not approach him, but shot him from behind the wall. As he was dying he plunged his knife into the heart of one of the Mexican murderers. Gallant young Travis fell from the rampart into the fort, wounded mortally. As he fell a Mexican officer tried to cut off his head, but Travis quickly drew his sword and both perished.

Every defender was killed. One hundred and eighty-two men fighting more than five thousand!

After the battle General Cos, who had commanded the fort when it was in the hands of the Mexicans, mutilated the body and head of Colonel Travis with the brutality of a fiend, then waved his tyrant's sword over the poor mangled remains of the hero of the Alamo.

Mrs. Dickinson and the negro servant of Colonel Travis were the only lives spared. The bodies of

the defenders of the Alamo were thrown into the chapel and burned. In the immediate siege the Mexicans lost about 800 men, though from the time of the first assault, their loss was more than 1,500 killed and wounded. The Texans in the fort had five or six guns to each man, and this, with their indomitable courage and patriotism, accounts for so immense a slaughter by so small a number.

Santa Anna sent a Mexican officer with Mrs. Dickinson and the servant to General Houston, offering "peace and general amnesty if they would lay down their arms and submit to his government," to which General Houston replied: "You have killed some of our brave men, but the Texans are not yet conquered." He also sent a copy of the Declaration of Independence agreed upon at Washington on the second day of March, 1836.

By the lifeless body of David Crockett were found his coonskin hunting cap, his powder horn and the remains of the faithful *Betsy*. He wore the fringed hunting coat, worn on many a deer hunt, and through rain, wind and snow on the long journey to Texas.

The defenders of the Alamo were as brave men as ever came into the world. Completely in earnest, loving the right with their fiery hearts, giving their last drop of blood in its defense, they passed to the immortals, patriots of heroic mould, who had served with fidelity their fellow men and were ready to answer to God in eternity for their use of time.

Sam Houston.

MEASURING DEER TRACKS

While the name of Texas lives the name of Houston will live, for her fame is his fame. Raised to a supreme command at a supreme moment, he was entrusted with the destiny of a people.

There is such a thing on earth as a "special providence" and the interference of divine power in men's affairs. Providence employs certain agents to perform certain duties which fulfill the law and complete His plan.

Sam Houston, one of the most remarkable characters in the annals of Anglo-Saxon civilization, was a liberator, a preserver of the most valued possession of man, and as a great leader of soldiers intent upon a sacred purpose, he was an inspiration. He led his people from the very jaws of death in a battle little less than a miracle to unquestioned victory.

It is difficult to place a correct estimate upon Houston's character. He was among the greatest men of any age, and did completely the work which God appointed him to do. The most brilliant page in our Texas history contains the record of the patriotic service of Sam Houston. Profound patriot and statesman, he was in that a plain, honest

manly citizen, who believed simply and earnestly in his country and her institutions, and he had faith in his own people.

A hundred years from now there will be no romance, story or epic-poem that will afford a more beautiful subject than the character, mould of life and accomplished efforts of this great Texan. His erratic boyhood, his years of uncivilized life among the Indians and his peculiar charm and power with them; his tender love for his mother and remembrance of her, at the same time, a love for freedom and wandering and to be near Nature's heart; his life and hardships as a soldier and as a hero, his contests in the halls of State with men of opinions, enmities, frailties and human passion, all combine in a wondrous story, thrilling, daring — and true. The crucible through which the gold of his character was separated from the dross was an ordeal which fitted him and placed him as an agent of Divine Providence.

Sam Houston was born at Timber Ridge Church, seven miles east of Lexington, Rockbridge County, Virginia, on the second day of March, 1793. The Houston family, on both sides, was of Scotch origin. They were all refugees in the north of Ireland until after the siege of Kery, in which they took part, when they emigrated to the State of Pennsylvania.

His father was a soldier in the American Revolution and held various military offices up to the time of his death in 1807. His mother was attractive in

person, manner and mind, and her influence was seen in many of her son's characteristics. She had much influence over him and could understand him as few others could. She could see underneath the daring, brusque, independent exterior and was the first to discover the wonderful gifts of heart and brain which later so endeared her son to his countrymen.

Self-reliance developed early in Sam Houston and to such extremes did he go in the practice of depending entirely upon himself, asking no advice or guidance from any source, that older heads prophesied that he would have "a very dangerous future and no such wilful boy could come to a good end." But their prediction in no sense seemed to worry young Sam, and when his mother was left a widow with six sons and three daughters and had to sell the old home and move many miles away, Sam Houston became familiar with the hardest work.

The new home was about eight miles from the Tennessee river, which was then the boundary line between the white people's territory and that of the Cherokee Indians.

There flourished in East Tennessee a good school called an academy, where Sam Houston asked the master to permit him to study Latin and the short-sighted schoolmaster refused. Indignant at the refusal, young Houston turned from his presence and solemnly declared that "he would never recite

another lesson while he lived." And he was usually true to his word. But he did not declare that he would never study again while he lived, for he loved to read and to study, and as good books fell into his hands he made the most of such opportunity and read and memorized a large portion of a translation of one of the greatest of the world's classics, Homer's Iliad. This wonderful story gave him his first knowledge of the people who lived in ancient times and it filled his heart with a desire to be a soldier. He referred often to this old book, and when he would go upon a long journey he carried it with him and often slept with it under his pillow. His older brothers had never read this great book and could not understand what joy it brought to their young brother's heart, and thinking he was lazy and did not want to work, or foolish and sentimental, they put him to work in a country store.

The boy who loved the life and brave adventure of the hero of the Iliad could not content himself in a little country store selling tape, pins and needles, so he ran away, across the Tennessee river, to the Cherokee Indians, saying that he would "rather measure deer tracks than tape." And this decision to go to the Indians influenced every day of his life which followed.

He did not forget his mother, whom he loved very much, and once in a while he would go home to see her and she would mend his clothes and have long talks with him, and the two, because they un-

derstood each other, loved each other very much. This wild life among uncivilized men and these wholesome lessons in the school of nature prepared him for his career as a soldier, a diplomat and a benefactor to his country and race.

He studied the character of the savage, his gratitude, his revenge, his strange notice and remembrance of small favors, his great love and his intense hate, and so perfectly did he hold sway in the savage heart that years afterwards, when Houston became President of the Republic of Texas, not one Indian tribe ever violated a treaty. He mastered their language, learned their customs, wore their dress, adopted their habits and lived as one of them.

In order to pay some debts which he had made before going to the Indians, he returned to his home, sought and obtained a school and taught it successfully. He studied geometry for a little while, but soon gave it up, not caring for so practical and "unpoetic" a study.

In 1813, when the United States was at war with England, Sam Houston, then only 19 years of age, enlisted at Maryville, Tenn., a common soldier in the United States army. His mother, realizing that it was his great desire to be a soldier, encouraged and helped him all she could, and told him to "make his country proud of him." He was soon made Sergeant, then Ensign and considered the best drilled officer in the company.

In the remarkable battle of Tohopeka, or "Horse-

shoe Bend," under the command of Gen. Andrew Jackson, Houston received a wound from which he suffered, at short intervals, up to the time of his death, a period of fifty years. This battle was one of the hardest and fiercest contests between white men and Indians on record; it was bloody, fierce, savage warfare, and by his cool, heroic conduct in each phase of the battle, Sam Houston won the life-long admiration of the great Jackson, who in after years lost no opportunity to praise him and to give other great men the opportunity to know him.

In a letter from General Jackson to President Thomas Jefferson, written in 1823 from the Jackson home, "The Hermitage," near Nashville, Tenn., Jackson says: "I entertain for Houston the highest feeling of regard and confidence — he has attained his high standing without the intrinsic advantages of fortune or education and has sustained in his various promotions from the common soldier to Major General, the character of the high-minded and honorable man."

So severe was the Tohopeka wound that the young Ensign was compelled to withdraw from active service. At the close of the war he was appointed Lieutenant of the first regiment of infantry and placed at New Orleans, where his troublesome and dangerous wound was treated. He endured suffering from the painful treatment which only a constitution, nerve and will of the strongest mould could have endured.

In April, 1816, he visited New York and Washington City, and in January, 1817, he was called for duty to the Adjutant's office at Nashville, Tenn. For a few months he served in this office, when he was appointed under-agent among the Cherokee Indians to carry out the treaty that had just been made with the Cherokee Nation. During the time he held this office he was accused of "having prevented African negroes from being smuggled into the Western States from Florida." Florida at that time was a province of Spain. He proved that he had acted in accord with the law in every respect, and he went with a delegation of Indians to Washington, and appearing before President Monroe and Secretary of War John C. Calhoun, made a splendid exhibit of what he had done and what he believed to be right, which thoroughly vindicated him.

In disgust he resigned the sub-agency and giving up his lieutenancy in the army, went to Nashville and began to study law. In 1818, when he was 25 years of age, he entered the law office of Hon. James Trimble. He had sold his last piece of property to discharge a debt which he had contracted in the attempt to recover from his wound, but undaunted, undismayed by the gloomy outlook, he began his studies.

So quickly did he grasp the spirit and the fundamental principles of the law, and so great was his knowledge of human nature, men and their affairs, that in six months after his first lesson his teacher

recommended that he apply for a license. Having successfully stood the usual searching examination he procured a small library and opened an office in Lebanon, Tenn. In that same year he was elected District Attorney for the Davidson district, making it necessary that he should reside in Nashville. He was appointed Adjutant General of Tennessee, and in 1821 was elected Major General by the field officers of the division, which comprised two-thirds of the State.

Although the duties and responsibilities of prosecuting attorney were new to him he rarely failed in a prosecution, and, confronting the legal talent of one of the best bars in the United States, with practical sense and a ready insight, he met their arguments and decisions; though at the end of twelve months he resigned, he had "made his mark" as a lawyer in Tennessee.

Had he continued at the practice of law he could have quickly risen to a place among the great lawyers of the world, but politics had a charm for him, so in 1823, he was elected, without opposition, to a seat in the House of Representatives of the United States. With him in this first term were some of the ablest men who have ever sat in our National Congress. He was returned to Congress by unanimous vote a second time. In 1827 he was elected Governor of Tennessee by a majority of over 12,000. This was an immense majority considering the population of Tennessee at that time. He was now in

the very zenith of his power and the confidence of the people knew no bounds. No man in Tennessee exercised greater influence over the minds of the people.

He had been elected practically by acclamation District Attorney, Major General, member of Congress and Governor of a grand State, now he calmly and deliberately gave up every future opportunity for distinction in Tennessee, resigned the office of Governor and immediately went into exile.

The cause of this strange and unheard-of action on the part of General Houston was one which lay very near his heart. It was a personal and a domestic affair and one which was his own and in no sense concerned the people. He never discussed the cause of his exile or permitted it to be discussed in his presence. It concerned himself and one other person for whom he felt the highest regard and whose fair name he ever protected.

With the same courage with which he challenged death on the battlefield, the endurance which had sustained him during painful and lingering wounds with a mould of decision and deliberation belonging alone to Sam Houston, he gave up everything that was dear to him and that offered power and — returned to the Indians.

Upon Sam Houston's decision to go into exile hang some of the remarkable events of modern history. The same old chief who had adopted him and protected him when he was a run-away boy

now held out his arms to him, opened his wigwam and welcomed "The Rover" lovingly to his forest home in the land of the Arkansas.

He sat at their council fires, gave them advice which they always accepted, and he watched with keen eye the outrages that had been perpetrated upon them as a race and a people and the wrongs heaped upon them by selfish officials. He determined to go to Washington and make protest. In 1832 he went to Washington and through General Jackson procured the removal of five agents and sub-agents and secured a thorough government investigation of Indian affairs. Having attained the purpose of his visit nothing could persuade him from returning to his red-skinned friends who anxiously waited for him.

Sam Houston had watched with quiet interest the struggle being made by the Americans to occupy Texas, and he sympathized deeply with the suffering of his fellow men. The Comanche Indians were feared by the whites and all of the Indian tribes. They were very powerful and so hostile to every foe that emigration of the other tribes was made impossible. It was decided that a treaty of peace must be secured, for that and that alone would protect emigration. General Jackson had requested Houston to confer with the Comanches and to advise them to send a delegation to Fort Gibson on the Arkansas river, with a purpose of later visit-

ing Washington City. The Choctaws, Chickasaws and Creeks all feared the Comanches.

On the first day of December, 1832, Houston, with a few companions left his Indian home in Arkansas and started through the wilderness for Fort Towson. At Nacogdoches, Texas, he made report of his mission to the authorities and proceeded at once to San Felipe de Austin, the capital of Austin's colony. From here, according to General Jackson's plan, he continued to San Antonio de Bexar, where he interviewed the Comanches.

While at San Antonio and upon his return to San Felipe he obtained a foresight into Texan and Mexican affairs, the awful tyranny and oppression of Mexico and the pitiful condition of the Texans. His mind was stimulated to action, he boldly determined to fight with the Texans, and began at once to make plans for their freedom and rights. Upon his return to Nacogdoches he was notified of his election as a delegate to the convention which was to be held at San Felipe in April, 1833, which convention he attended. At this convention a constitution was adopted and the delegates hoped that it would be acceptable to the Mexican government, but Austin's mission to Mexico asking that it be accepted failed entirely. Instead, the Mexican Federal government became more and more intolerable and inhuman and the Texans were roused to immediate resistance. A consultation for safety,

composed of selected delegates, was held at Washington on the Brazos and afterwards at San Felipe. All the Texas forces were consolidated. A provisional declaration of independence was made and a Governor and Lieutenant Governor appointed.

Then it was that the event occurred which decided the destiny of Texas. General Sam Houston was elected commander-in-chief of the army of Texas. After repeated attempts to capture Matamoras and to hold San Antonio, the struggling desperate Texans in convention at Washington on the Brazos declared Texas independence on the second day of March, 1836, General Houston's birthday. This convention made him General in Chief and created a provisional government based upon a regular, well-prepared constitution remarkable for some of its points and wise conditions.

Upon the adjournment of the convention General Houston hurried to gather the forces between the Brazos and the Guadalupe rivers. Santa Anna was advancing from the west with a well disciplined army in three strong divisions. As well as Houston could, with what forces he could gather, he retreated before the main division of Santa Anna's army, his scouts constantly reporting to him the action of the enemy.

He pursued the policy of retreat and delay until he reached the bend of the San Jacinto river, to which point he was sure Santa Anna would follow him, where he would be out of reach of the other

two divisions of his army. Thus cutting off all retreat or escape, Houston determined to win or to die. With fresh memories of butcheries which had outraged human thought and feeling, under the magic influence of the hope for liberty too long delayed and under the inspiration of a commander in a battle which gained victory in fifteen minutes — for Houston, like Napoleon, understood the value of time — the invincible Texans destroyed Santa Anna's army, twice the size of their own, and captured the President of Mexico himself. Numbers engaged have been larger, equipment has been better, but no other battle of such results in so short a time with such foes to meet is on historical record.

It is not the number of men, the fury or directness of the attack, not the number of the forces charging, for enormous armies may fight indecisive battles and battles which in no sense mark eras in history, but it is results that give to a battle its importance to a nation or to the world. Texan liberty and independence were established.

After San Jacinto, the provisional government of which David G. Burnet was president was busy controlling the army in the field, disposing of Santa Anna and organizing the republic.

At the election for president, Sam Houston, with great rejoicing, was chosen the first constitutional president of the republic, continuing in office two years. He gave one term's service to the Texan Congress and from 1841 to 1845 he again served the

republic as President. His administrations were marked by his great ability in making and retaining peace with the Indian tribes and in maintaining peaceful relations with foreign countries. His dealings with Santa Anna, the president of Mexico, were marked by a tact, pointedness, a touch of sarcasm and withal a glorious patriotism.

Houston greatly favored the admission of Texas into the Union and when Texas became one of the United States, in 1845, he was elected to the United States Senate, serving until the fifth day of March, 1857. Some of the most vital of our national issues were discussed during his period of office, among them the Mexican war and its causes, the "Omnibus bill," the "Kansas and Nebraska bill," and so able and clear were his discussions that they placed him abreast with the other great men of his age.

In 1857 H. R. Runnels defeated him for Governor of Texas and in 1859 he defeated Runnels for the same office.

In 1861 Lincoln was elected President of the United States, the war between the States was begun, and many of the Southern States were leaving the Union. The Texas people so thoroughly sympathized with the South and the principles taught by the South that for the first time they would not listen to Houston, who was opposed to Texas leaving the Union. A convention sat at Austin in January, 1861, which provided for a declaration of

secession, which was submitted to the people on the twenty-third day of February, 1861. Houston would not attend the convention, being heartily and honestly opposed to the secession of Texas, so the people "declared his office vacant." Many, many of his friends wished to sustain him in office, but desiring to avoid all difficulties which might result from force, he quietly gave it up.

In the speeches made by Houston in the years 1860–1861 he shows a wonderful knowledge of the political condition of the North and the South, and his prophecies in regard to the war came literally true. Though Texas left the Union against his will, he never ceased to love her, but said: "I am for Texas, whatever she may do, I love my State best." One of his sons, with his consent, entered the Confederate army.

He became a private citizen of Huntsville and his latter days were spent sadly and silently watching the bloody conflict between the United States and the Confederate States of America, which national strife and the unhappy conditions in its train certainly shortened his life. On a summer Sunday evening, on the twenty-sixth day of July, 1863, surrounded by his beloved family and a few friends and neighbors, his charmed, strange life went out. His remains rest at Huntsville.

The city of Houston, beautiful metropolis, situated on Buffalo Bayou, about twenty-one miles from the San Jacinto battlefield, is named in honor

of General Houston. It is, with its splendid schools, magnificent churches, homes, sanitariums, Sam Houston Park, broad streets, busy market, filled with evidences of a thriving commercial life, and last, but not least, its adorning citizenship, who feel that their city is destined to be the greatest in this great State, a tribute to the great man for whom it is named, and convinces us that after all there is "something in a name."

The grave of Texas' great chieftain at Huntsville is marked with a simple slab inscribed with his name and the date of his birth and death. There stands in Statuary Hall in the National Capitol, also in our State Capitol at Austin, a statue of Houston, erected by the State of Texas and executed by Elisabet Ney, the Texas sculptor, but there should be a monument to the memory of Sam Houston in every town in Texas where a school boy or girl lives. Cannot the boys and girls of Texas make this their especial pride and as true patriots, having learned of his great service, unselfishly given and with no reward, begin to erect monuments in their school yards or on the public squares that men for years to come, seeing, may understand that the boys and girls of Texas know the history of their State and give honor to him who first honored us. Let us begin the work and never stop until our efforts shall be crowned with success and we have "erected memorials to him who did deliver us."

FIFTEEN MINUTES OF DESTINY

It is natural that we should consider Santa Anna a monster — a hideous, diabolical, veritable living fiend! It would be well for us to consider the race from which he sprang, his training, his surroundings, the men of his race for generations who preceded him, and that he was the exponent of this race since the days of the conquest by Cortez.

His massacres at the Alamo and at Goliad were the fulfilling of his great boast that he would kill every man, woman and child who spoke English whom he found west of the Sabine River and it certainly looked for a time as though he would accomplish this threat.

Santa Anna was a brilliant, vain Mexican rascal. In a manner audacious, shrewd and absolutely without scruple of conscience, he had placed himself at the head of the affairs of his country. He had ability, that has never been doubted, but with that ability was enormous wickedness. This able, bad man, had, five times, brought Mexico into his power and five times he had been literally thrown out, despised by his people.

His successful battles in Mexico prior to 1836 made him think he was the greatest soldier in the

world and he demanded in his vanity that his followers should call him "the Napoleon of the West." Either in person or through his officers he had mistreated every foe and it was his practice, understood by his soldiers, to butcher every captive. He had kept down literally to the earth his own people by murder and tyranny and he knew no other methods. He supposed, of course, that in time he could so subdue the Texans. This was a miscalculation, because the Anglo-Saxon, who loves law and liberty above his own life, who hates interference in any form with his personal rights and who will not tolerate any interference, may be burned or slaughtered, but will not be bound in fetters!

There could have existed no greater difference than that between the Mexicans and their conquerors! The Texans were not weakened and intimidated over the massacres at the Alamo and at Goliad; they were furious!

On the sixth day of March, 1836, at the Alamo, the powerful Mexican army under Santa Anna, captured the few brave men who composed the garrison and stood out, marvels of personal courage and endurance, through eleven days of hardest fighting.

Every man was butchered! It was in the Alamo that Travis, Bonham, Bowie and Crockett fell! And certainly the Texans would "Remember the Alamo."

On the twenty-seventh day of March, at Goliad, after heroic resistance of the little band of Texans

under Fannin, Santa Anna, after disarming them, with his usual fiendish cruelty shot them dead to a man! Fannin and his brave men quenched for a time the thirst for Texas blood.

Certainly the Texans would "Remember Goliad!" So far as Sam Houston and his army of frontiersmen, farmers, hunters, herdsmen, Texans, could see, they were only avenging the butcheries of the Alamo and Goliad, demanding the price of the blood of the noble men sacrificed at the hands of Mexican murderers, but Sam Houston and these riflemen at San Jacinto were building more securely than they knew, for in a good deal less than a half hour on the twenty-first day of April, 1836, 750 Texans met 1,800 Mexicans and in a single attack settled an issue which affected all of America. San Jacinto opened wide the gates of history through which enormous events were to pass.

San Jacinto gave the untold wealth of the California gold mines to the Americans instead of the Mexicans.

It established the English language instead of the Spanish in that superb area of country from the Sabine River to the Pacific Ocean.

By this battle more than a million square miles of territory were added to the Anglo-Saxons, to be controlled by their laws, their customs and their institutions, to be dominated by their individuality and their principles and forever did this battle throw

off the ignorant, feeble, decayed, tyrannical government of Mexico! This battle gave the Anglo-Saxon race one more superb opportunity to show their power and ability to rule the world, and it will probably be years before the moral effect of the battle can be properly estimated, for, as time passes it is revealed to us that this was a battle for coming ages and coming generations; it was the herald and the triumphant forerunner of glorious advancement and moving forward of our American people.

San Jacinto was legitimate warfare! A bloody, persistent, even savage campaign, to close with magnificent victory!

Houston and his fearless soldiers sounded the volley at San Jacinto which made Texas an independent Republic, freeing her forever, for in fifteen minutes the Mexican lines were wiped out and a battle of destiny was fought which turned the tide of American history. With a thunderous crash the Texans hurled themselves at the Mexican lines the moment they came in sight. They shouted and shot as they ran, attacking an army more than twice the size of their own and in a glorious rush of valor the Mexican army was torn up as though by lightning.

Texas was fifty days old that day. Personal and political right must be preserved and the business of the Texans at this battle was to conquer forever that horde of murderers whose hands were still stained with the blood of the slaughter of defense-

less men and who were hungry to slaughter more.

The twenty-first day of April, 1836, found Sam Houston and 750 Texans and Santa Anna with his well equipped army, more than twice the number of the Texans, encamped within a mile of each other at San Jacinto, near the banks of Buffalo Bayou, about twenty-one miles from the present city of Houston.

Houston's movements had been so slow, as he persisted in the policy of retreat and delay, that the Texans were horrified; the bravest men were alarmed, and men, women and children in panic were fleeing from the very sound of the name Santa Anna. Houston's retreat began on the thirteenth day of March and he slowly marched from Gonzales to the Colorado, thence to the several points on the Brazos; the enemy was close behind him, and the people in terror had begun to wonder what to expect and if they would be protected by the Texan army.

Santa Anna, believing himself to be invincible, all-powerful, unconquerable and more and more "puffed up" over his slaughters of defenseless Americans, had allowed his army to scatter. His order to his army was to possess the country and to shoot every man who resisted. The Mexican army was in three divisions: Santa Anna accompanied the so-called central division, commanded by Generals Sesma and Filisola, which had been following Houston upon his retreat. So sure was Santa Anna that

the Texans were in his power that he left the main army on the Brazos and with about one thousand men went to Harrisburg expecting to capture President Burnet and his cabinet.

Finding Harrisburg deserted, he burned the town and marched rapidly to Washington, which village he also burned. It was his intention to pursue the President and his cabinet to Galveston, take them prisoners, and in triumph declare the war at an end, but while his army was making ready to take the ferry at Lynchburg (Lynch's Ferry) the return of a scout reported the near approach of Houston and the Texans. Thus was Santa Anna completely taken by surprise and separated from his army.

The few hundred, faithful, earnest Texans, with their chief, made preparation for the battle, giving close attention to the smallest details, neglecting nothing. The day was fine; no clouds were in sight. They took their simple morning meal and General Houston with pride and confidence, with no doubt or misgiving surveyed his army. He instructed the fearless, cool-headed Deaf Smith, scout, to procure two good axes from the commissary, to hide them in a safe place, easy to reach, where upon a moment's notice he could bring them out for use. He gave Smith specific instructions not to pass the lines of the sentinels without orders.

In the direction of Santa Anna's camp, over the high waving grass of the prairie, could be seen a

great force which had arrived to join the Mexicans. There was moving and stirring in the Mexican camp and the Texans became excited and much concerned.

General Houston well knew the effect that this would have upon the spirits of his men, so he casually told them that what seemed to be reinforcements of the enemy were the same Mexicans whom they had seen the day before who were just marching up and down and "round and round" in order to alarm the Texas soldiers; that it was just a Mexican trick and Santa Anna didn't want to fight. At the same time General Houston sent Deaf Smith and one comrade with strictest confidential orders to reconnoiter to the rear of that new Mexican force, make investigations and return quietly to him. The messengers returned reporting to the soldiers that the General was right, it was all a Mexican trick, but to the ear of the anxious General they made another and a very different report. The facts were that General Cos had come by forced marches with more than five hundred men to reinforce Santa Anna.

The secret was kept from the Texas soldiers and a council of war immediately called beneath the great moss-draped, ivy-covered oaks at San Jacinto, the members seated in the broad shade on the grass. The council, consisting of six field officers, and the general in chief, determined upon battle.

General Houston saw that the men were eager for attack, they were restless and ready, so, calling Deaf Smith and his companion to him, he went with them to the place where the axes were secreted that morning. Handing an axe to each of these trusted, selected men, he said: "Take these axes, make the best of your way to Vince's bridge, cut it up and come back like eagles or you will lose the day." The cutting down of Vince's bridge prevented all opportunity of escape, since both armies had crossed it in order to reach the battle ground. It spanned Vince's Bayou, a deep, dark stream which emptied into Buffalo Bayou.

General Houston waited until near 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when he made a charge which inspired every Texan, and with the air wild with the cry, "Remember the Alamo!" "Remember Goliad!" the Mexicans, who had not seemed anxious to come to an engagement and were hiding behind breastworks or taking their "evening nap," gave way in terror at the boldness of the charge. At this very moment Deaf Smith rode madly up, his horse covered with mire and foam and waving an axe over his head, cried with the voice of a savage: "I have cut down Vince's Bridge! Fight for your lives and remember the Alamo!"

The cavalry was first sent to the front with no protection whatever for the Texas soldiers who advanced through the prairie in steady line. The artillery stopped within two hundred yards of the

enemy's breastworks. The "twin sisters," the two pieces of artillery, the gift of the City of Cincinnati to the Republic, kept up a continuous firing of grape shot and canister, shattering and shivering wherever they struck.

General Houston spurred his horse into the very breast of the foe, as the Texans now rushed in solid phalanx upon the Mexicans. As the Texans neared to within sixty paces, the Mexicans, lined up in perfect order, sent a heavy storm of bullets, but they were sent too high and sped over the heads of the Texans, doing little or no damage. General Houston was wounded in the ankle and his horse was shot. When there was no more ammunition, the rifles were converted into war clubs and the Texans dealt blows at the heads of their foes.

This was followed by a hand to hand, face to face conflict, the Texans splintering their muskets on the heads of the Mexicans. The Texans, after firing one shot from their pistols, did not stop to reload, but threw the heavy clumsy iron at the skull of some Mexican. Then they drew their bowie knives and cut, slashed and dug deep into every Mexican's flesh within reach. Trampling upon the dead, rushing madly over the groaning and the dying, stabbing to the heart those not already dead, they flew after those Mexicans who tried to escape and stabbed them in the back.

At this stage of the battle as the twilight ap-

proached, the Mexicans began to "remember the Alamo" and to "remember Goliad." They saw something of what their massacre meant to the Texans and they cried: "Me no Alamo!" "Me no Goliad!" By denying participation they hoped to gain mercy.

In no sense were the Mexicans cowards on this day, there were fearless charges made by them upon the Texas lines.

When the Texas infantry was charged by a Mexican division of infantry, General Houston realizing the perilous condition of his men, dashed to the front of the line shouting: "Come on, my brave fellows, your General leads you!" The right and left wings of the Mexican army had been scattered before the central breastworks were taken. Many Mexicans fled from the pursuing Texans, each bent on saving himself individually, and they staggered, fainted and fell in the oozy, swampy grass. General Houston was forced to give imperative commands that the tortures to the wounded cease, for the Texans so well "remembered the Alamo" that they demanded their price in flesh and blood.

When the flying Mexicans, hotly pursued by the Texans, reached Vince's Bayou and found that the bridge was gone, in desperation they clung to the banks or plunged into the dark, muddy waters, sinking to the bottom. The few who succeeded in getting across fell backward into the water, shot,

as they fell by some Texan. The sound of the black, blood-stained stream was accompanied by the gurgles, gasps and groans of the dying.

Where the Mexicans had been in camp near the "island of the great trees," there was another scene, ghastly, strange and horrible. In their terror, as a very last means of escape, some of the Mexicans had rushed to this spot; the low marshy ground under the trees was very deep, and as the horses with their riders plunged into the mire, they were instantly covered over. The fatal morass soon became a bridge of dead men, horses and accoutrements — horses, saddles, shot pouches and powder horns all rolled together in a nameless heap.

Almonte, Santa Anna's secretary, and his men, who were located on the "island of trees," had made a covenant that they would resist or surrender, but that they would not fly. General Houston with as many soldiers as he could gather, led his men to a charge, but the General's wounded horse, which he had ridden through the dangers of the battle, fell dead with seven bullets in his faithful body. Until this time the Texans did not know that General Houston was wounded. As his wounded leg touched the ground he fell. He gave his command to General Rusk and another horse was procured for him. As General Rusk advanced upon the helpless Mexicans, Almonte, realizing the situation came forward and offered his sword.

Resistance to Texas had ceased! Atonement

was made for the Alamo and Goliad! San Jacinto was won!

The loss of the Mexicans was 630 killed, 208 wounded, and more than seven hundred and thirty were taken prisoners. Only eight Texans were killed and about twenty-eight wounded.

Among the prisoners at the mercy of the Texans were Santa Anna; Almonte, secretary to Santa Anna; General Cos, Santa Anna's brother who had brought reinforcements to the Mexican army just before the battle, and a distinguished Mexican officer, Colonel Portillia, who was in immediate command when Fannin and his men were murdered at Goliad. On the morning of the twenty-second of April, Santa Anna was taken to General Houston, who, suffering keenly from the wound in his ankle, to which he had given no care, so concentrated was his attention upon the success of his soldiers, lay upon a blanket under a tree. This blanket under a tree was the Texas army headquarters.

The President of Mexico with all of the fine manners of his race and training, bowed to the ground. He began the interview by stating: "I am Gen. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, a prisoner of war, sir, at your disposal." General Houston asked him to be seated, whereupon he immediately asked his attendant for opium, which drug he swallowed hastily.

Santa Anna was talkative and tried very hard to

impress General Houston with the grandeur of his presence and official power, saying: "Sir, you should be very generous, for remember you have captured the Napoleon of the West."

"And do you expect mercy at our hands when you showed none at the Alamo?" asked General Houston.

Santa Anna answered: "When a fort refuses to surrender and is taken by assault, the prisoners are doomed to death, according to the rules of war."

"If that be true," said Houston, "such a rule is a disgrace to this civilized Nineteenth Century."

"Tell me, sir," continued Houston, "by what rule of war do you justify Goliad?"

To this question the warrior of Mexico replied: "I had orders from my government to execute all who were taken with arms in their hands."

"Ah, sir," said Houston, "you are the government — for a dictator has no superior — and you must immediately write an order for all Mexican troops to abandon our country and return to their homes."

Had there been a way out of this, Santa Anna would have doubtless found it, but there was none, no retreat and no escape; so the dispatch was written and sent by Deaf Smith and Henry Karnes to General Filisola, who was second in command. Santa Anna even attempted to negotiate with General Houston in regard to purchasing his freedom, but the General told him that the matter of pur-

chase must be taken up with the government of Texas. The troublesome part now was the disposal of Santa Anna. Many of the Texans clamored that his blood, and his blood alone could atone for his slaughters, but the prudent, farseeing Houston realizing consequences, thought the matter over deliberately, carefully and decided upon another course. He formed a solemn contract or agreement with Santa Anna, which provided that he should never again take up arms in any form against Texas.

That every Mexican soldier in Texas should be immediately sent home.

That every bit of property, great or small, valuable or not, which had been captured by Mexicans should be restored.

Before Santa Anna could be free he was sworn to abide by these provisions. As the time came for the release of Santa Anna the people contended that he should be shot or at least remain in Texas forever, in prison, for indignation ran very high. President Burnet detained him for a time a prisoner, but he was liberated by General Houston and sent to Washington in January, 1837, and from there he returned to Mexico.

THE RANGERS ON THE PLAINS

"Mount! Mount! And away o'er the green prairie wide —
The sword is our scepter, the fleet steed our pride!
Up! Up! with our flag. Let its bright star gleam out.
Mount! Mount! And away on the wild border scout!

"We care not for danger, we heed not the foe —
Where our brave steeds can bear us, right onward we go:
And never as cowards can we fly from the fight,
While our belts bear a blade and our star sheds its light."

"Chivalry gave to the world an ideal manhood. The spirit of chivalry, the germ, the actual incentive, is the defense of the weak and unprotected," and from such a spirit all that is manly, gentle, noble and generous emanates.

In a day when men lived by such an idea, when it was their thought and daily lesson, when its accomplishment brought certain reward and its neglect certain punishment, and when "to the brave did belong the fair," it is little wonder that we think of the age of chivalry and knighthood as the rosy, flower time of the world, when all that

is of the heart seemed uppermost, when human life bowed eagerly to human happiness, and courage, daring and boldness crowned the hero.

Though chivalry assumed its definite form in the eleventh century, the sentiment, since the beginning of time, has lived in the hearts of brave men; and, though its height was undoubtedly reached in the holy wars, and, as a code of conduct it has passed away, the distinguishing features — a reverence for womanhood, a love for feats of arms and adventure, a real sympathy for the oppressed and indignation at oppression — still mark the brave knight and the gentleman, and this sentiment is awakened and stimulated with the opportunity to serve and protect.

As brave a knight as e'er carried lance or traversed trackless waste of desert continent, his path marked out by the bleached bones of his pilgrim predecessors and the tracks of the skulking desert jackals, his cross-crowned banner waving high to the eastern breeze, his very presence giving terror to the ruthless Saracen, was that modern knight who rode, often alone, exposed to savage and unsoldierlike enemy. His very swiftness was stillness, and with flinty courage that could only be conquered in death, he protected a helpless people, who but for his mysterious, magical strength would have been prey to a race before whose butchery and savagery Saracen attack paled into sham and painted battles.

The splendid Crusaders were of the nobility. Many were kings and princes who left thrones to fight for an idea and a sentiment. They were trained in the manly and martial duties, in religion and love, and were taught in feudal castles by great ladies, pious priests and veteran knights returned from the holy, hazardous, journeys.

The Texas ranger was nature's nobleman. His was the rank of personal courage, pluck and patriotism. His was the nobility of soul and heart. He wore no velvet cloak, deep trimmed with lace, nor sat in gold-embroidered saddle, his horse gay in trappings of purple and silver; but upon quick and silent rides, trailing his energetic foe, his was the pride of true bravery, the pomp of conscious power, the parade of remarkable earnestness and the keen appreciation of personal responsibility.

Sons of good families from all of the states, both North and South, their training received from the environment of wholesome home life, the Texas rangers gave with enthusiasm their service to the great State of Texas; for it was fascinating in its majestic size, and to the young heart and imagination, was akin to the magic fields 'neath the star-decked skies that the Arabian knight found on his quest for the Genii of Battle.

Mediæval knight-errantry is surpassed by the romantic, picturesque ranger, who is secure in history, song and story, and because of his grasp and performance of duty Texas may challenge all

other states in adventure, encounter, personal bravery and sacrifice, and the ranger is one of the chief factors in making our history a classic.

The rangers are those men who protected the Texas frontier from the Indians and the Mexicans who haunted every stump and tree, and they held, safe and secure, the early Texas homes from bandits and desperadoes. The desperado was in his glory, he tyrannized over immigrant and homeseeker, and from his ravages and raids the ranger gave police protection to men, women and children.

"Texas ranger" means heroism and manliness, and we can see him with his earnest face, his clear, bright eyes beaming 'neath his broad slouch hat, which protects him from the wind and sun, mounted on a fleet horse, dangerous to any rider save his own; a coarse woolen blanket, strapped tightly behind his cowboy saddle; pistols and knives in his belt and desperate determination in his heart. Free as the unchained winds that sweep the boundless prairie, he was a terror to the incarnate Mexican Devils, a sworn foe to the Indians, who with torch, tomahawk and blood-freezing war-whoop terrified helpless women and children; the ranger, characteristic exponent of the Anglo-Saxon race, drove every enemy away from him and established peace and contentment.

During the early days of Texas colonization, provision was made for the organization of a militia. The settlements were unfortified, and the attacks

of the Indians so frequent that volunteer companies for domestic protection were raised. These volunteer companies were the first soldiers or protectors to be called "rangers."

So troublesome were the Indians growing on the border, their bands increasing in size and strength, sometimes half a dozen bands forming a federation to attack some unprotected settlement, that Texas was gaining a deserved reputation for lawlessness, crime, desperation and massacre.

But there were so many other important affairs and so much chaos to be reduced to system that it was only after the battle of San Jacinto that the legislature provided for the organization and maintenance of mounted companies of "rangers" to defend the frontier, and these first regulars exposed themselves to such dangers and perils as to escape many times from the very fingers of death.

Organized strictly for duty, active, ready for service, there was no provision for "grandstand" parade, gaudy uniform or pomp and show. In fact, instead of restriction or discipline in dress, speech and manner, there was a freedom and ease about the ranger which gave him individuality and charm. He was opposed to all fixed rules of military restraint.

Though not military in conception and organization, the success of the Texas ranger has never been equaled in any era of any history by an organization entirely military. Well mounted, well

armed, certain as to aim, precise as to the measure of time and distance, sensible of the cruelty and barbarity of each foe with whom he dealt, and always ready for the worst, the Texas ranger stood apart, possessed of a powerful combination of traits and qualifications. Collectively or individually, he exerted a great influence wherever he was thrown or wherever he served. Bold and honest, his powers far outreached his numerical strength, and his protection extended to all classes of people, quieting communities, restoring and encouraging order, building up and absolutely stopping abandoned conduct and vicious lawlessness.

To physical courage and athletic skill of the highest type were added fearless moral conviction, a keen knowledge of men, their natures and passions, a steadfastness of purpose, which he realized was a broad and noble one, resources, the quality of adaptation and the recognition of opportunity with emergency. Many Texas rangers were college and university bred men of broad information and unquestioned scholarship, but they could render any service set before them, hew wood, draw water, build camp fires, climb to the top of the highest tree to watch the route of the enemy, or give gentle care to the sick and wounded.

Those from the most comfortable homes slept in marshes and canebrakes, with no pillow save a saddle, ofttimes covered with snow and ice, sheltered only by a bleak winter sky. And when a

guest by choice or chance found his way to a ranger camp, blanket, board, fruit and flower were his. The ranger well knew and practiced in the wildest surroundings the beautiful law of hospitality. The ranger was not only a gentleman, but a man, a genial, true, noble one.

Border warfare has an exhilarating and warrior-like side, exciting and heroic, with its constantly recurring scenes of death, danger and destruction, at the same time it is pathetic and painful and the adventures of the border protectors are now the familiar themes in heroic prose or poem. The history of the Texas ranger proves in each day's action that truth is stranger than fiction, more terrible and, it would seem, more impossible.

Our hearts thrill with gratitude when we remember the ranger on ride and raid, under the silent stars, often alone, over the sand and sage of the border which he knew was ranged by the fiendish Indians, whose instincts were lower and baser than those of the beast of the field. The scenes that he lived were blood, murder, crime; one brave ranger gives his life in the capture of a cattle thief, another is called from his camp at hazy dawn to protect with his life the youthful mailcarrier who rides to the nearest railroad station. A band of Mexicans have pursued him, whom the ranger kills or cripples, one by one, but before the carrier can go safely on his way the ranger falls, to be taken to his camp, wounded, bleeding, dying.

A Ranger repairing the telegraph lines is shot by the hiding Indians; two rangers are murdered in their camp on a frozen morning after a terrible midnight ride in a biting wind.

One rides all day to save a mother and her babe in arms whose father's scalp hangs from the big chief's belt, and he is shot at sunset by a red devil from behind a mesquite bush.

While assisting a wounded Indian who pretends to be a friend, one brave ranger is cut in the throat by the savage, treacherous hand, and his slender, tired body torn in pieces by the savages, who wait to come at a signal to shriek the war-whoop and dance to the sun-spirit over his silent body.

A Texas ranger saved a young girl from a torture a million times worse than murder by Indian or Mexican; he rode with her for eight miles, while she clung around his neck seated behind him on his faithful horse. When they reached the settlement the girl was unconscious, more than half-dead, but she was saved. The good horse died and this ranger, in restoring the girl to her father, added another name to his long list of personal dangers and unreckoned benefits.

The Texas border warfare was modified to suit the Texas conditions; the foes to Texas were invariably on horseback, so the rangers was a cavalry service. The chiefly populated part of Texas in the early days was along the gulf coast and in the eastern section along the Sabine river, though grad-

ually the prairies, so long the home of the roaming buffalo, and the forests, the hiding place of the Indians, were filling up with settlements, and an occasional adventurer would take his family and go into the very heart of the interior, selecting a home along some stream or finding an unusually rich and fertile oasis in the broad prairie.

Northward and westward the border gradually, but surely, extended for uncounted hundreds of miles into the blue mountain line which now separates us from New Mexico. But for the presence of the ranger, the guardian of safety and domestic peace, who went ahead of the settler, all communities were helpless against thieves and murderers who thickly infested the border region.

It was while the fury of savage warfare raged up and down the frontier, when the ranger was protecting early homes and property and overcoming the wilderness, making our state a habitable place for families, that the regular Texas ranger, exercising his tact, endurance, steady nerve, skill and enormous energy, first gained for himself name, fame and grateful remembrance among all civilized and law abiding people.

The years immediately following the revolution were a critical time with the young Texas. She was in danger from treacheries within and without, and beset with difficulties, doubts and fears; there were civil troubles for her to meet, dissensions among her own leaders, and her own people; her

strength was not great and she still felt the sting and bruise of the fangs of her treacherous enemy, Mexico. She felt the need of, and her people demanded, an armed support, a regular dependable protection, an economic military system to put down internal disorders and foreign invasion.

Out of these necessities, the ranger service grew; so practical did it prove, and so conducive to the peace of mind of the citizens, that just as soon as it was possible, the organization obtained legal status and military recognition.

Through each dramatic and, it would seem, often helpless condition through which Texas has passed, from a province of Mexico to its present proud estate, the Texas ranger has answered every call for the protection of liberty, honor, government, human life, and to the ranger more than to all other powers combined is our present excellent system of court and constabulary indebted.

The first organization by formal enactment was instituted by Captain Robert M. Coleman at the "general consultation" held in San Felipe in November, 1835, where provision was made for the "raising of a force of 150 rangers to be placed in detachments on the frontier." Others were detailed along the Trinity, Colorado and Little rivers.

Captain Coleman, though a fearless soldier, greatly beloved by his followers and eternally feared by his enemies, was dismissed by President Houston soon after he took the oath of office. Cole-

man offended the president by publishing a very frank, humorous and somewhat uncomplimentary pamphlet, accompanied by ridiculous cartoons and illustrations, reviewing the character and life of the president. The gallant captain, much attached to his men and chosen duties, was greatly embarrassed. He died, from drowning, in 1837.

Though Coleman was the first in service of formal enlistment, timely volunteer service, protecting the settlers from Indian and Mexican depredations, had been given years and years before. There were Hays, Burleson, Highsmith, Walker, Gillespie, Henry McCulloch and "Rip" Ford with others who stand apart as soldiers, leaders and patriots.

Jack Hays, an unique character, afraid of nothing under the sun, commanded a company of young, high-spirited, reckless, dare-devil, though withal, patriotic men. Hays, with these same rangers, later served in the Mexican war, and among the distinguished men who commanded companies in this dreaded regiment were General Tom Green, later a major general in the Confederate army, killed at Blairs Landing, 1864; Ben McCulloch, brigadier general in the Confederacy, killed in the battle of Elkhorn, Ark., in 1862, and Henry McCulloch, a brigadier general, famed for courage and patriotism.

Colonel Hays and his men shed glory upon the name of Texas, and proved the marksmanship and skill of the rangers during the war with Mexico.

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They were equal to dangerous and difficult scouting, quick foraging, sudden and furious attack and could be depended upon by General Taylor, who often sent them to the front.

Sam Highsmith, hero and ranger, was one of the few who, on the field of San Jacinto, sent flying the humbled, bleeding, terrified Mexicans, and gained a place for Texas in the galaxy of free people. After this battle, so strong did he become in conscious power and prowess, that he kept up warfare against the other enemies to peace and happiness, and also served with Colonel Hays in Mexico. In 1848, in what is now Blanco county, Highsmith and a few of his rangers in a bloody foray, awed and paralyzed the cruel energies and demon designs of a full band of Waco Indians, Highsmith, himself killing the chief, Big Water.

Shapley P. Ross, a ranger captain, who came from Iowa to Texas in 1839, devoted his practical intellect and resourceful strength to the needs of the new republic. Steady nerve, coolness in emergency and decision, and good, sound sense, characterized him; and it is little wonder that his distinguished son, Lawrence Sullivan, lovingly called by his contemporaries "Sul," became honored for these same traits.

Not only did Sul Ross's heroism, strong character and uprightness conquer on the battlefield, but his victories were many in time of peace, for he controlled the convictions of men. This requires

a greater skill than that employed upon the successful military field.

With modesty, manliness and industry, as an active Texas ranger, soldier of the Confederacy, governor of the State of Texas, and last, at the head of an institution pledged to the development of the substantial, practical side of the education of Texas youth, he has left a proud legacy to all patriotic Texans who shall come after him.

Agriculture, town building, numerous immigration parties, rapid strides in courts and all civil government and general progress marked the interim between the Mexican war and the war between the states, and to this day the victories, growth and general going forward of this period are enjoyed by Texans. The settlements each grew and prospered and the borders were extended further and further into the north and northwest.

This growth and the assurance that the Texas settlements were permanent sent the Mexicans and Indians further and further away, and it so incensed them and aroused their fiendish instincts that often at midnight they would slip into the settlement nearest the border, and with the keen, swift stroke of the scalping knife, spare not sex nor age, burn houses, steal horses and cattle, and with whoop and yelp leave the settlement red with blood, hurry back to their hiding place to await the next white settlement which dared to invade their border domain.

Such scenes as these, however, only occurred when there was no ranger in sight; the very appearance and presence of the ranger put the cowards to flight, and as the frontier gradually moved westward, the ranger went in advance of it, keeping a line of defense between the settlers and the dangers. Occasionally the attacks were reversed and the rangers took the initiative and carried the war into the Indians' camp. Sometimes, because of the quick maneuvers, the redskins were stunned and made powerless.

It was a case of "reversed warfare" of this nature when Captain Sul Ross, commanding a company of Rangers and Indian Scouts, though he was not yet twenty years of age, came upon a very unusual experience. They attacked a Comanche village on Pease river in 1861, over which village with pride and savage dignity presided Peta Nacona, a great and mighty chief. In a vicious fight, under the sound of the Comanche axe, in the midst of smoke and flames from the Indian fires ready for white victims, and the flourish of knives and thunder of guns, the great chief and nearly every Indian were killed.

When the few Indians who escaped the rangers' guns had fled and the noise and din of the fight had subsided, brave Captain Ross discovered a fair resident in the village, a young woman who had been stolen and carried away by these Indians when she was a little girl, for Cynthia Ann Parker had been

a captive for twenty-four years. The rangers' indignation at her captivity somewhat abated when they discovered her state of complete happiness and contentment in her adopted home. She had "grown up," like Topsy, among the Indians; they had been kind to her and she loved them; she had forgotten her own language and hers were the life and habits of the Comanches, to whom she was deeply attached.

Cynthia Ann Parker was the wife of Chief Peta Nacona, just slain, and two fine sons had been born to them. One of these sons, Quanah Parker, was later chief of the Comanches. The gallant rangers restored her to her own people, but the roving life held more charm for her than the presence of her pale-faced kinsmen. She missed her chief, her gypsy habits, her free, wild days in the woods, unhoused and unhampered, and she pined away and died in "civilization" only four years after her recapture.

During the war between the states many a ranger gave valuable service to his country in various parts of the South, and, though a greater number of Texans were serving valiantly in the Confederate army in other States, strict military discipline and organization were observed in Texas against difficulties of the border and interior. Especially was the service on the Rio Grande invaluable. The hostile raids kept the Texas side as red as the dividing waters and the banks were aglow with

burning camps and cottages, only to be quenched by these brave spirits of emergency and necessity. The Rio Grande fights were signalized by daring and recklessness and participated in by some of the best men who ever honored the good state of Texas.

Since the war the state has retained this military protection, and though the death-shriek of the terrorized settler, with the desolate cries of women and little children, do not reach the ear of the ranger as they did fifty years ago, his appearance is still a safeguard. It was as late as 1874 that a law was passed which provided for a battalion of regular rangers, six companies of seventy men each, and minute companies, not to exceed 750 men. The minute companies were for local use. Captain John B. Jones commanded the battalion of rangers under the new law.

This law was worth much to every branch of Texas citizenship, for, by its enactment, the authority and duty of the ranger was increased, and his official prerogative now met every need of public protection. Complex and difficult were his new duties, for, on the one hand he must fight Indians and Mexicans and guard a frontier famed far and wide for bandit and murder; on the other, he must enforce peace, arrest criminals, take care of prisoners, look to the regulation of courts, juries, and all civil protection. He arrested men without war-

rant, which added, of course, to his success, and helped to awe the culprits.

His method of arrest was to draw his six-shooter, get the drop on his man, letting him look for a minute into the deep black holes of his loaded revolver, while his restless, nervous fingers felt around the quick trigger — of course, just a few resisted. The bowie knife was used little except in camp. Scouting parties were out constantly performing dangerous and often offensive duties, but interlopers, fakers and looters soon had to fly over the line. The annals of the service of the ranger would be incomplete without including the knotty complicated problem of cattle stealing, especially in the Brownsville region and up and down the Rio Grande.

Just what our dangers were and what they meant to the ranger are shown in the situation known as the Cortinas war. It was in 1859–60, though cattle stealing had been going on years and years before, probably ever since the first Texan settled on a ranch — that Cortina, a systematic, orderly, exact and entirely successful cattle thief, raised cattle stealing to the dignity of war.

He was a Mexican bandit and desperado who for four years impudently invaded our state, plundered every settlement, took all the cattle that he wanted, committed murders by the wholesale, spared no traveler for fear he might tell of what

he saw, and he and his cutthroats violated every law of the making of God and man. The "mavericks," that is, the unbranded cattle, were sent over the border by the thousand, and Cortina would go deliberately into the herd, take all cattle that were choice, kill the herder, burn the ranch-house and in proud possession return with his own.

He defeated the Texas soldiery, then fought Texas and the United States combined. From the high pole on his ranch on Texas soil floated the flag of Mexico. Such audacious impudence is nowhere chronicled.

In response to an appeal from the governor of Texas to the war department, General Robert E. Lee, stationed in Texas, was ordered to drive Cortina over the border and to follow him if necessary.

One queer thing in regard to cattle-stealing in Western Texas is the strange but proven fact that some of these old-time desperadoes and border cattle thieves, the nuisance to the rangers, became zealous, law-abiding citizens of Texas, extreme in their interpretation of law in regard to later thieves and of great assistance to the later ranger service.

There are other and later Texas rangers whom we love and whose service has been vital in our growth. They have successfully captured criminals and outlaws, supported and demanded the enforcement of law, and by their service so loyally given rendered lasting benefit to Texas and the

Southwest. Some of the rangers for whose names the annals of Texas history are mightier are: Jesse Lee Hall, Oglesby, Scott, Shelly, Buck Barry, McNulty, Sieker, Caldwell, Baylor, McNally, McKinney, Neville and McDonald. And their service was practically without compensation, for it consisted only of $40 per month, rations and arms from the state, and they furnished their own horses.

Through the effectual efforts of such men as these, outrages and lawlessness ceased, painfully tragic border warfare ended, and, though the Indian and his midnight fires had devastated to within less than 100 miles of the best populated part of the state, since 1874 the "frontier," so long the lurking, dangerous place of the savage, has been growing, developing and becoming a favorite part of our beautiful state.

A frontier no longer, it is peopled by industrious, enterprising and intelligent Texans. Where the buffalo once roamed over sage bush and sandy waste have been erected wholesome, happy Texas homes, and there, in health and plenty, live the ranchmen and the cowboys with their wives and sunny-faced children. These excellent citizens are protected and churches, schoolhouses and public buildings mark the passing of the old and the dawning of the new era.

The Texas ranger made for us our public virtue. His success lay in his directness in punishing the individual, in going deliberately and unswerv-

ingly to the heart of the matter; not in going 'round and 'round, but "straight home" in a straight line. Both directly and indirectly have we felt his influence, and his operations, some of which we know; others will always be veiled in fascinating mystery, for the ranger "never tells" some of his exploits and wonderful performances. He has created in Texas a manhood which is bold in the determination of right, and in a true and excellent interpretation of right.

Except for the natural frailties and mistakes to which all mortals are heir, and the little weaknesses which seem to attach themselves to and follow all human endeavors, the Texas ranger in his earlier and later service stands a superb type alone, typical of none other but an original, unique individual.

His was not military glory bought with a cheap price, not the holiday pageant of gold lace soldiery, "invincible in peace and invisible in war," but his prompt acceptance and accomplishment of each personal and official duty, the finishing of the task immediately before him, thoroughly and fearlessly, knowing no obstacle or hindrance, place him in the hearts and homes of Texas, a braver, truer, nobler knight than e'er took service in the name of St. Michael or St. George.

And he who wandered into the glowing East to restore the tomb of our Saviour did not love Him more than he who fulfilled His blessed command

THE HERO OF SHILOH

THE great military ability of General Albert Sidney Johnston, his dauntless courage, marked integrity and force of will, were equaled by his loving, tender heart, unaffected modesty and purity of character.

Albert Sidney Johnston was born in Washington, Mason county, Kentucky, on the second day of February, 1803. His father, Dr. John Johnston, was an early settler, and his professional duties required long journeys over the country. The good doctor was a well known and much beloved man; he was, in many respects, an oracle in the community, and his judgment was consulted upon various subjects. Bold, blunt, fearless, he was an unique and interesting character. His wife, the mother of our hero, was a quiet, modest woman, whose interests and attention centered upon her husband and children.

As a very small boy Albert Sidney gave evidence of his gift of leadership; he was energetic, persistent and untiring in the plays and games with his small companions, and by common consent, was the leader and organizer. He played with the same force and earnestness as a child that characterized his work as a man.

As he grew into young manhood, he acquired a dignity and a reserve power which added unto his general personality and gave the true impression of his force of character, strong will and complete self-possession. As boy and man, he was reasonable; he could see and appreciate "two sides of a matter," and in all things he was just. This can be said of few men. Afraid of nothing, and at times quick and impulsive he was kind, affectionate and tender-hearted. With him all things bowed to duty. When once he was convinced of the part expected of him, or of the work assigned to him, he gave his energy and strength, and no pleasure or affection could call him away.

When he was 15 years of age he attended school for one session in western Virginia, after which he was employed in a drug store; he showed throughout life a great fondness for the medical practice and an intimate knowledge of physiology.

He attended Transylvania college one year, but before the close of this year, probably influenced by the study of American history and the achievements of the Americans in the war of 1812, he became deeply impressed with a desire to join the United States navy. So determined was he to go to sea that he secured a warrant as a midshipman, and was making preparations to leave home for an indefinite time, probably forever. His mother and father, who saw in him other and greater possibilities, discouraged this idea, and sent him, with

his sister, to visit in the parish of the Rapides in Louisiana.

The environment was entirely new to him and it was interesting; his sister gave her constant care and attention to him and to the directing of his ambitions. She succeeded in quickening a desire for study, and at last he promised her that he would give up the idea of going to sea. This visit was of great import to him because it changed the course of his life.

Returning to Lexington he again took his place in Transylvania college. Young Johnston now worked hard. All his energy and enthusiasm were directed to study; he appreciated the need of an education, and was determined to take advantage of every opportunity. He did good work in mathematics, which proved to be his favorite study, and his reports showed diligent attention to the sciences and Latin.

Having entirely abandoned the navy he became more and more fascinated with the idea of becoming a soldier, and in this desire he received every encouragement from his parents, his teachers and his friends. Through Josiah Johnston, a member of congress from Louisiana, he procured an appointment to West Point, and with an earnestness approaching a religious conviction he entered upon his preparations for a military life.

His life at West Point was signalized by firmness, deliberation, self-control and enormous work.

He seemed determined to be thorough and to learn everything offered in the course. His instructors respected him and he formed lasting friendships with his classmates. With Jefferson Davis, a student at West Point, two classes below Johnston, a firm friendship grew up which continued throughout life.

In 1832, when the country, after a long peace, was terrorized by the Black Hawk war, Lieutenant Albert Sidney Johnston served throughout, giving valuable service as civil engineer, going over plain, penetrating dark forests and fearlessly fighting the Indians.

He believed in the supremacy and accurate observance of law, and felt that his strength and talent could not be contributed to better service than in aiding men of his own race to secure their liberty, especially men who were ready to sacrifice everything for their personal liberty. So, in August, 1836, he joined the patriots of Texas. It was his desire to promote the annexation of Texas to the United States, and the interests and the general welfare of the struggling republic became first with him.

Under President Lamar he was made secretary of war of the republic of Texas. In 1839 he organized an expedition to expel the Cherokees from East Texas. He fought with General Taylor in the Mexican war, who said of him, "Albert Sidney Johnston is the best soldier I have ever seen in the

field." He served as colonel of the Second regiment of Texas volunteers.

At the close of the Mexican war he was reappointed to the United States army in the capacity of inspector general. In 1849 he was made paymaster, and assigned to the Second cavalry of the Texas frontier. For some time he lived in Austin, and in 1855 he accompanied General Harney to the plains in the West. At frequent intervals he visited his plantation home in Brazos county, where he lived in comfort and quiet, but with a watchful eye upon Texas, and all of her affairs of state internal and external. In 1857, when in command of the department of Texas, he was ordered to Utah to restore order among the Mormons. For more than two years as a federal commander his position was both dangerous and difficult, placed as he was, sometimes directly, sometimes indirectly, in antagonistic relations with the Mormons and their leaders. But the Utah campaign was successful, and he was next removed to California and placed in command of the Pacific Coast, with headquarters at San Francisco.

When the news that Texas had seceded from the Union reached him he resigned his command, though his surroundings were pleasant and he had grown fond of the West, and went immediately to Richmond, Virginia, where he joined the Confederacy. Preparing to resist invasion, the Confederate government intrusted its western defenses to

him, and he established east of the Mississippi a strong line of defense.

While in command of the Confederate lines west of the Cumberland mountains, which extended from the Cumberland mountains to the Mississippi river, including Forts Henry and Donelson, arrayed against him were the enemy in Kentucky, more than 100,000 strong, under General Buell, and across in Illinois 15,000 strong, under General Grant.

Buell and Grant had planned to crush the Confederates, but Johnston, not waiting for their attack, on the morning of the sixth day of April 1862, attacked Grant near Shiloh church, about two miles from the Tennessee river near the line between Mississippi and Tennessee, and the result was a quick, terrible battle.

When it seemed that Grant's army would certainly be annihilated, when the Federals were scattered and hastening to their gunboats on the river, and victory was crowning every attempt made by the Confederates, the center, the life, the very heart of the brilliant achievement, was removed.

General Johnston was killed. Beauregard now took command, Buell joined Grant and the Confederates were outnumbered nearly two to one.

General Albert Sidney Johnston's remains were temporarily buried in New Orleans; over this temporary tomb the citizens of this patriotic city have erected a superb bronze equestrian statue, and

underneath the tomb, which is a mausoleum of marble and stone with grass-covered sides, lie entombed many of the soldiers of the army of Tennessee.

In accord with the expressed wish of General Johnston, "When I die I want to lie in Texas soil," on the first day of October 1866, the legislature of the State of Texas, by joint resolution unanimously adopted by both houses, appointed a committee to arrange for the removal of the sacred remains to Austin, Texas. New Orleans surrendered the body of the great Southerner, and, with every ceremony and dignity it was escorted to Austin in January, 1867.

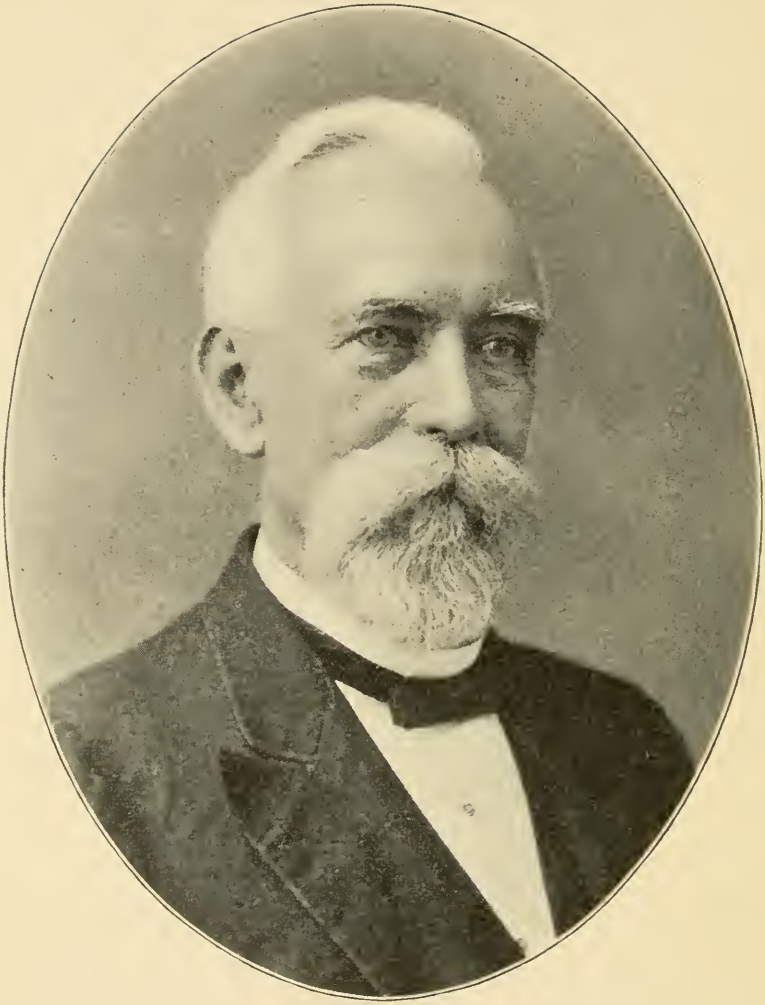
In Galveston, a city once the home of General Johnston, upon the arrival of the steamer, great honor was shown by the citizens, and upon the arrival in Houston, where the body rested for a day at the Houston academy, men, women and little children with beautiful flowers covered the casket. Bells tolled, no military officers were seen on the street, and in the presence of thousands the funeral party with its precious burden departed on the Houston & Texas Central railroad for Austin. The remains were presented to the state by Colonel Ashbel Smith; they were received by Governor Throckmorton; funeral rites were observed in the old capitol, and the mortal part of the peerless leader was placed in the State cemetery.

On the twenty-sixth day of September 1906, there

was unveiled over his grave a beautiful recumbent statue erected in accordance with a provision made by the Texas legislature. This beautiful statue marking the sacred resting place, is the work of the Texas sculptor, Elisabet Ney of Austin.

Beloved and blest.
He rests in Texas earth,

Men like Albert Sidney Johnston make us proud of our kind.



FRANCIS RICHARD LUBBOCK.

OUR WAR GOVERNOR

As if to illustrate that same patrictic devotion to the cause of his people which had marked his youth and mature manhood, Francis Richard Lubbock lingered in the fullness of years to watch and approve the state's wondrous work, and unto the end of his useful life to "look forward" and to hope.

His life is the story of the splendid growth of Texas from pioneer struggle to the power and vigor of a glorious commonwealth. Much that is intrinsic in the history of Texas is a part of his service to this state. Spanning intervals, his official career covers a period of fifty-six years.

In spite of tempting opportunities to err, to stoop from his high pedestal of the confidence of the people, he remained until the end trustworthy and unselfishly interested in the needs, advancement and excellence of Texas.

Francis Richard Lubbock, born in Beaufort, South Carolina, on the sixteenth day of October 1815, was the son of Henry W. and Susan Ann Salters Lubbock. When he was young his parents moved to Charleston, where he first went to school; next he attended Beaufort college, and later the

South Carolina Society school, into which only children of members were admitted.

When he was fourteen years of age his father died, leaving a small estate. Frank was the oldest of seven children, and he immediately sought employment that he might assist his mother in caring for her large family. It had been his father's hope and intention that young Frank should enter the National Military Academy at West Point. This opportunity was offered, but because his mother, brothers and sisters were dependent upon him, young Lubbock abandoned, with noble self-sacrifice, the opportunity, at that time very rare, of securing a thorough education and a knowledge of military affairs. He was rewarded later for this devotion to duty and love for his mother.

In 1834, with small capital he went to New Orleans, where he engaged in the drug business. Though only nineteen years of age, his business prospered, until 1836–37, which years mark a financial revolution. Under the stringency of the times the youthful merchant succumbed and surrendered every dollar to his creditors.

He enrolled in the New Orleans Grays, a company organized in New Orleans under Captain W. G. Cook, for service in Texas. He participated in the capture of San Antonio and the surrender of Cos to the Texans in 1835.

In 1836 he moved his family to Texas, landing at Quintana, at the mouth of the Brazos. In 1837

he removed to Houston, which city became the seat of government the next year. The state archives were soon moved to Houston from Columbia and an extra session of Congress was called. F. R. Lubbock was elected assistant clerk of that congress and at the next session chief clerk. During this session E. M. Pease, the comptroller, resigned, and Lubbock, though only twenty-two years of age was nominated by President Houston to fill the vacancy, and the nomination was confirmed by the senate. During the administration of President Lamar, who succeeded Houston, he was removed for political reasons, the chief one being his allegiance to the Houston party.

Until 1841 he engaged in wood chopping and farming on Buffalo Bayou. Upon the accession of General Houston to the presidency he was again appointed and confirmed comptroller, and removed to Austin, the seat of government. He soon resigned the comptrollership to accept the office of district clerk of Harris county, which office he held for sixteen consecutive years.

In 1857 Runnels and Lubbock were nominated, respectively, for governor and lieutenant governor, and were elected by good majorities. Lubbock was so honored in recognition of his effective fight against the Know Nothing party. In 1859 Runnels and Lubbock were again nominated, but were defeated by General Sam Houston and Colonel Edward Clark. Lubbock then returned to farm life

near Houston. In 1856 he was a presidential elector and in 1860 a delegate to the Charleston and Baltimore convention.

In 1861 he was elected governor of Texas and inaugurated in November of that year. His two years' service was devoted to establishing the independence of the Confederate states, and to protecting the Texas frontiers from the Indians and Mexicans.

As "war governor," problems grave, perplexing and momentous presented themselves for his solution, but never once did his love for Texas and the Confederacy falter.

One of the very important events of his administration was the capture of the *Harriet Lane,* commanded by Commodore Wainright, in Galveston harbor, by the Confederates under General Magruder on New Year's day, 1863. Upon the signal being given, the Confederate boats *Neptune* and *Bayou City* attacked the *Harriet Lane,* firing from behind a bulwark of cotton bales. Captain Wainright was killed.

The *Neptune* was sunk, the *Bayou City* soon became entangled in the rigging of the *Harriet Lane,* and the Texans leaped on board and took possession. Her officers were lost and she surrendered. The Confederates lost twelve men killed and sixty-five wounded, the Federals lost 150 killed and a large number wounded. The Federal soldiers on land surrendered after a persistent fight; the

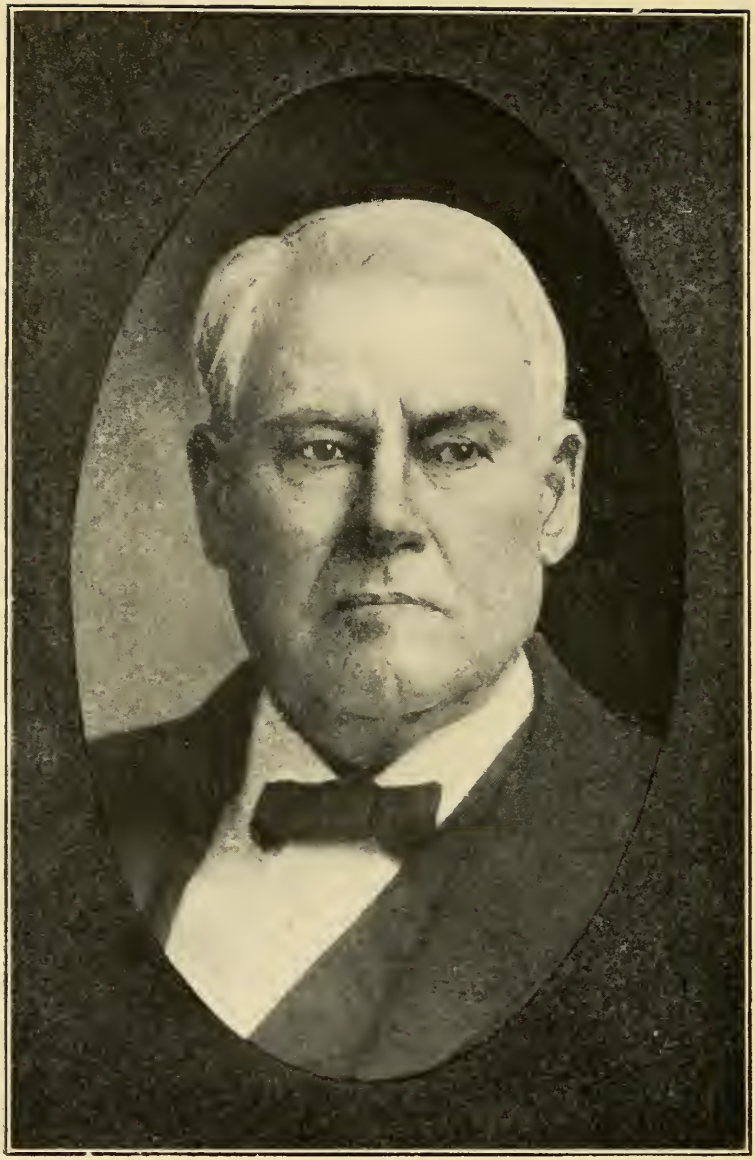
Federal ship *Westfield* in trying to leave the harbor ran aground and the Federals blew her up to prevent her capture. For the remainder of the war Texas was in the hands of the Confederates. With less earnest, careful management during these dark days, the people of our state would have suffered and our honor been sacrificed. In 1863 he actively entered the conflict, was commissioned and assigned to duty under General Magruder as lieutenant colonel.

In 1864 he was summoned to Richmond, Va., where President Jefferson Davis, of the Confederate States of America, appointed him one of his aids with the rank of colonel of cavalry, his first official duty being to "proceed at once to the front, for investigation of the condition and needs of the soldiers of the trans-Mississippi department" (the soldiers west of the Mississippi river).

Colonel Lubbock was captured and carried first to Fortress Monroe, later to Fort Delaware, near Philadelphia, where for seven months he was kept in closest confinement. He returned to Houston on the twenty-fifth day of December, 1865, locating at Harrisburg, near Houston. In 1875 he was appointed tax collector, and in 1876, he was elected state treasurer, serving until 1893. He died at Austin, Texas, on the twenty-second day of June, 1905, and he is buried in the state cemetery, where sleep many of Texas' devoted patriots.

He lived in full reverence of God, sincere and

secure. He did not retrograde, but positively and constantly went forward, keeping abreast with the progress and development of his state. He exemplified his interpretation of "helpfulness" by being most willing to help those who tried to help themselves. At his passing, Texas wept, and his life is a fond and fadeless memory. He was a constant friend, a Christian gentleman, a loyal, loving Texan.



JOHN H. REAGAN.

THE OLD ROMAN

JOHN H. REAGAN was an integral part of that day in Texas when no eye could see and no voice foretell the magnitude, the might and the glory of the infant republic, or know of the brave, the heroic and the enduring parts which were to be taken by her sturdy sons.

He was original, a type himself, and far removed in intellect and heart from the average man. Faithfulness rather than genius, and patience rather than strenuousness, marked his life, and whether defending Texas against the Indians, in the courts, in congress, or a citizen in private life, we find the law of individuality strictly observed in him. He was no imitation, for he stood alone, separate and distinct. When the war between the states became a certainty and state was allied against state, there was no doubt or hesitation in regard to what he should do, for he had convictions, courage and character. He loved the whole great country and would have been glad for it to have remained one, with no division or strife, but he loved the South, and Texas the best of all.

As a member of the cabinet of the Confederate States of America, he was the friend and supporter

of President Davis, and when the Confederacy was no more he remained with him, in loyalty and truest friendship, risking his life to do it, and because of his courage and conviction spending bleak unwholesome months in gloomy Fort Warren prison in Boston harbor. Nor was he alone. Alexander Stephens, vice-president of the Confederacy, the great southern historian, shared with him the prison sufferings. For the Confederacy, its cause, principles, teachings and example, beat the great heart of Judge Reagan.

Because of his strength of character, fearless leadership, and willingness to accept the results of right, whatever they might be, he has long been called "The Old Roman."

One act of his life, if there was none other, shows his unselfish love for Texas and her well-being. He resigned a seat in the United States senate to become chairman of the railroad commission of Texas, a tribunal new and untried, and this certainly shows his farseeing appreciation of the State and her people.

In his declining years, spent at his picturesque home, Fort Houston, near Palestine, he prepared a volume of memoirs, which volume is a precious inheritance to the citizens of this state and to every boy and girl, for it includes that which is historic in the civil and political development of our state and many personal reminiscences akin to his life, so broad and so full, before, during and

since the war and up to a short time prior to his death.

John Henninger Reagan, son of Timothy R. and Elizabeth Lusk Reagan, was born in Sevier county, Tenn., on the eighth day of October, 1818. His ancestors were living in America prior to the war of the American revolution and his great-grandfather, a soldier in the war of the revolution, was wounded at the battle of Brandywine.

He first attended school at Nancy academy, Sevierville. When, on account of financial difficulties, his father could no longer send him to school, he determined to secure an education for himself. He found employment with a Major Walker for one year at farm-work, receiving his pay in corn at two shillings per bushel. His next earnings, received from managing a set of sawmills, enabled him to attend Marysville college for two sessions.

He was next engaged by his old employer, Major Walker of Sevier county, as bookkeeper in his country store. In order to obtain employment which would pay him better, in order that he might graduate, he left Tennessee and went direct to Decatur, Ala. Here he refused a flattering opportunity to go in the liquor business, as he did not wish to be thrown in contact with such conditions and surroundings. From Decatur he went to Memphis, Tenn.; thence to Natchez, Miss., where he secured a position as teacher. But be-

fore assuming the duties of schoolmaster, a more lucrative position was tendered him as manager of a farm, which he accepted and held for some months.

He left Natchez on a boat on the Red river, intending to go to Alexandria, La., but on the boat he met a Colonel Strode, a merchant from Nacogdoches, Texas, who made him an offer of $800 a year to sell goods for him in Nacogdoches. He accepted the offer and came to Texas in 1839.

At this time there were probably not 100,000 white people in the republic of Texas and there were but twenty-six states in the union. He fought the Indians and gave valuable assistance in protecting the frontier when he first came to Texas. From 1839 to 1843 he was busily engaged as deputy surveyor of the public lands of Texas, traversing the picturesque country in the eastern portion of the state, camping for days in the woods and near the rivers in middle Texas and becoming familiar with the physical conditions of the new republic.

He began the study of law in 1844, without a teacher and with few books other than the elementary branches of the law. In 1846 he received a temporary license to practice in the district and inferior courts, his office being located at Buffalo, on the Trinity river. In 1847 he was elected to the state legislature from the Nacogdoches district. In 1848 he received regular license to practice law in the district and inferior courts of Texas, and a

little later he was licensed to practice in the supreme court of the state. In 1857 he was authorized to practice in the supreme and inferior courts of the United States. In 1852 he was elected district judge, his district including the counties of Houston, Anderson, Henderson, Van Zandt, Navarro, Ellis, Kaufman, Tarrant and Dallas. In 1851 he took up his residence in Palestine, Anderson county. In 1857 he was elected to congress from the first district of Texas. He was re-elected to the national congress in 1859. In 1861 the secession convention elected him deputy to the provisional government of the Confederacy. This same year he was appointed post-master general of the provisional government of the Confederacy. In 1862 the Confederate government retained him in that honorable office, whose duties he discharged until the close of the war.

During the administration of the Confederate government, for a short time he acted as secretary of the treasury. He re-entered the national congress in 1875, and he was a member of the state convention, serving as chairman of the judiciary committee, which formed the constitution of 1876.

He served in the Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth congresses including the years 1877 to 1887. He was United States senator from Texas during the years 1887 to 1891, the Fiftieth and the Fifty-first congresses. In June, 1891, he resigned his seat in

the senate of the United States to accept the chairmanship of the Texas railroad commission, which was created in accord with an amendment to the state constitution passed on the nineteenth day of December, 1890, and an act of the Texas legislature, passed on the third day of April, 1891. He held the chairmanship of the Texas railroad commission for eleven and a half years, when he voluntarily resigned and retired to private life in his home, Fort Houston, near Palestine, Texas, where he died in April, 1905.

In accord with nature's law, ripe in years and waiting, he entered into rest, in the eighty-seventh year of his noble, unselfish life.

A grateful people will ever revere his memory.

JAMES STEPHEN HOGG.

THE TRIBUNE OF THE PEOPLE

The mention of the name, James Stephen Hogg, brings a brightening to the eye and a quickening to the heart of Texans. Magnetic leadership, when it is directed to all that is good, enduring, true and steadfast, when it inspires the best impulses in men and stimulates them to action, is a gift from God and fulfills His law and plans for us. A great leader whose powers are directed for good is a benefactor to mankind, bringing understanding, growth and good will, excluding selfishness, vanity, love of display and all useless burdens to the people.

By nature a great leader was James Stephen Hogg, and his true motive was genuine love for the people and an unselfish interest in their welfare. To the young men of Texas, because of his industry, ability and determination to conquer difficulties, his truthfulness and rugged simplicity, his life will ever be an inspiration. By his faithfulness to every trust, great and small, his fearless and aggressive honesty, his earnestness and plain speech, he won and deserved the respect of all who came near him.

The hardships, privations, self-sacrifices and

well-fought battles of his early years purified the gold of his character, for in his youth time there was little ease and idleness. Of great hope, great ambitions and a determination to make a man of himself by overcoming every difficulty, he struggled, on and on, preparing himself in the valuable schools of patience, endurance, self-understanding, broad sympathy and faith in God. His was a life of unstinted labor, increasing effort, great proportions and great results.

From the first bread-winning struggle of a poor boy to the brightest place in the hearts of his people there was a steady, wholesome growth. It is all real, human, delightful and helpful.

Endowed physically and mentally with the materials which make greatness by the natural law of development, greatness came to him; it was his inheritance. He was great by nature, not by chance, circumstance or accident. Under all circumstances he would have been a great man, for under all circumstances, favorable or unfavorable, pleasant or unpleasant, he would have been himself, with an individuality, a unique bearing and a presence all his own.

As justice of the peace, county attorney, district attorney, attorney general or governor, his service was signalized by a fearless interpretation of duty, with no hesitation to incur "the ill will of the lawless."

During the years of his public service, crowded

with labor and honor, he was first, last and always the friend of the people; their well-being was his first thought; he believed in the aristocracy of brain and heart, and nothing could wean from him the esteem, the confidence, the love of the common people. All who were worthy were welcome in his presence; it was only those whom he considered the enemies to right and truth whom he positively refused to call his friends. Among his friends were some of the truest patriots of his time.

His private life was without reproach and his home was of the kind which is the foundation of all solid national governments, love, faith in God and consideration one for the other blessing it.

Among this good man's devoted friends were little children; there was a tenderness and a sweetness in his nature, and little ones who seem to know intuitively who is good, loved and trusted him. He was probably more generally loved than any man who ever lived in Texas, having an absolute hold upon the hearts of the people.

He was a thorough and an adoring Texan and a superb product of this state!

James Stephen Hogg, of Scotch-Irish descent, was born on the twenty-fourth day of March, 1851, near Rusk, Cherokee county, Texas. His father, Joseph Lewis, and his mother, Lucinda McMath Hogg, moved to the republic of Texas in 1839, locating first near Nacogdoches. Joseph Lewis Hogg

represented his district in the Eighth Texas congress, which held its session at Old Washington; in 1843 and 1844, he was a delegate to the annexation convention which sat at Austin on July 4, 1845, and a member of the State senate of the First Texas legislature, in 1846. Senator Hogg resigned his seat in the senate to give volunteer service under Governor Henderson's leadership in the Mexican war. At the close of the war he resumed his seat in the senate. He voted for secession and joined the Confederate army in 1861, with a commission as brigadier general from President Davis. He died in May, 1863, while commanding his brigade at Corinth.

At the age of 11, James Stephen, left an orphan, was thrown upon his own resources. After attending school for a short time, he left Cherokee county and went to Longview, where he obtained employment as "devil" in a printing office. He saved enough money to buy the printing outfit which he moved to Quitman, Wood county, and became the editor of the Quitman News. He studied law at night and whenever he could spare the time from the paper, and was admitted to the bar of Wood county in 1874, aged twenty-four years.

Having successfully served as justice of the peace, in 1878 he was elected county attorney of Wood county, and in 1880 he was elected district attorney of the Seventh Judicial district.

After four years of satisfactory service he moved

to Tyler, where he devoted himself exclusively to his private practice. He became a candidate for attorney general in 1886, was elected, and filled this very important office with distinction for four years.

His administration as attorney general is marked in that he compelled all corporations to comply with the law, actually and really, "to the letter." He was firm and unswerving in this, and for this, if for no other service, Texas is deeply grateful to him. There was no evading of the law, nor was there any misinterpretation of it. Fearless, just, sure of the right, always ready to take the initiative, he stood firmly by the constitution of the state of Texas and forced others to do it.

In 1890 he announced himself a candidate for governor, selecting his birthplace as the scene of his opening speech, and he was elected by a magnificent majority and inaugurated on the thirtieth day of January, 1891.

The first important action of his administration was the creation of the railroad commission of Texas, a tribunal which has served as a model for many other state commissions since established. Through the influence of Governor Hogg laws were passed regulating land ownership in Texas and restricting the ownership of lands by corporations on prescribed conditions. These were public services of wonderful magnitude.

The corporations, or the "conservative element," opposed Governor Hogg's second term and vigor-

ously fought for their candidate, Judge George Clark of McLennan county. It was a spirited campaign, feeling ran high and the entire state was aroused. Governor Hogg was re-elected.

He retired from the governorship in 1895 and renewed the practice of law, first in Austin and later in Houston.

He died in Houston, on the third day of March, 1906.

Though his virtues will be commemorated in marble and bronze, and statues erected to tell the stranger of his life and death, the great work which he accomplished for the plain people will be his enduring monument.

To a place high on the roll of her illustrious sons will Texas write his name, for he has left a record made by few men in any state or in any epoch of national life.

THE SIBYL'S STORY

THE ancients believed that the records of each nation were carefully chronicled and guarded by a "Sibyl."

A Sibyl was a prophetess, or one who could forecast the future. This Sibyl kept a clear and accurate record, and she judged the future of a country by consulting the annals of its past. Hers was inspired wisdom. She was never mistaken, and kings and great soldiers have been known to offer her crowns and kingdoms, thrones and principalities, to give unto their possession the priceless books.

Only one time did the Sibyline books ever come into the possession of a king. During the reign of Tarquinus, king of Rome, the Sibyl, who was an adoring patriot as well as a prophetess, realizing the hopeless dangers to which her country was about to be exposed, and determined to protect her people, pleaded with the king to purchase the books.

Her books, nine in number, contained the records of the past history of Rome and prophecies of her future. The king, who believed in his own powers and thought little of hers refused, so the Sibyl returned to her home and destroyed three of the

books. She went again to the king and asked the first price for the remaining six and the king again refused. Burning three more, she went back to the king, asking the same price. This so excited the king that he purchased the three at her original price, and the Sibyl vanished.

These books, written on palm leaves and in verse, were constantly consulted by the Romans, who abided absolutely by their decisions, and the people were led to great victories in peace and war. After these visits of the Sibyl her warnings and prophecies were believed by all of the people.

Let us visit our Sibyl, view the pages of her book, and judge, with her, our country's future by consulting the annals of its glorious past.

We find her in her temple high on a hill, which overlooks fair fields of ripening grain, sitting, thinking, looking in quiet gaze at the pages of her great book.

Upon a picture here and there her mind seems riveted. She looks long and lovingly at the toils, trials and hardships in the wilderness, at the suffering men and women, the boats freighted with human life, lost upon river and bay, and the hearts that ache with loneliness.

She pauses to point to the priests in the missions who are trying to teach the Indians good and useful things, exposing themselves to every danger and sparing no means to bring the Indians to Christianity. Her lips move as she remembers the

waiting, patient faces of those women whose husbands followed their leaders into the wilderness, who wait and watch and pray for the precious presence which has gone out forever.

The Sibyl stops to show us the graves marked by a solitary cross which silently speak the agony of those whose loved ones were massacred by savages or who died from the ravages of disease. She turns the pages of her records slowly as she follows a splendid form through acres of maguey plant, over highways bordered by hedges where bandits hide, into a beautiful foreign city, and she hears his appeal to the authorities, his pleadings for his people.

She looks across the mist of years at Goliad and the Alamo, lovingly calls the martyrs' names, and then upon a battlefield, where she sees a strong man, with broad brow, determined face and nerves of steel, fighting a horde of brown-skinned, savage soldiers.

Another picture shows this same determined man carefully guarding and guiding, as its head, an infant nation, and the Sibyl explains that this nation claims its own flag, which we call "The flag of the republic of Texas." The pictures which follow this one show homes being erected, farms cultivated, boats landing, chapels and churches going up in every community.

Next, Texas is shown as one of many great states in a great union. Her flag is changed, and now

the "red, white and blue" waves over her new homes. But ere we pass this picture, there appears another, not unlike some others. The Texans are again leaving their homes to fight; to fight the same Mexicans, who need one more lesson to teach them that they are fighting men of another race than theirs. The Texans, 'neath the red, white and blue, are fighting with the other Americans against Mexico.

After the war with Mexico comes a sweet, restful picture. The soldiers are returning to their homes, and their energy and determination are turned to home-building and home-beautifying, and the Texas homes of this period in our history were among the most characteristic and picturesque of any in the Southland.

Then, a picture appears which "looks like war," but of its own particular kind. One man, or not more than two or three men, are pursuing a band of Indians, Mexicans or desperadoes across our border; then they rush back to give care and comfort to the unprotected settler, his wife and his children.

The Sibyl believes in the Texas Ranger, and tells us that he has had a part in each phase of our wonderful growth.

Now, the sad, sad pictures.

These same Texans who are enjoying a well-earned rest in their quiet homes, are called away. In large numbers they leave, men and boys, march-

ing under the flag which we call the "Stars and Bars," for Texas is now in a new government, the "Confederacy," and these same Texans who fought for their rights at San Jacinto, who fought side by side with their fellow Americans in Mexico's capital, know how to fight for their adored Southland, and for four long years many a battlefield was hallowed with the blood of Texas soldiers.

Then we silently turn to pictures of sad-faced women and little children, deserted homes and homes with funeral crepe upon the door where a father or a son lies dead, and over the long, winding roads and pathways we see the broken-hearted, desolate soldier slowly returning to his Texas home.

We see the Texan as a "Clansman," protecting his own home and that of his neighbor from the hideous crimes of the "reconstruction" days after this war, and then, in spite of every hardship, and the cruelest disappointments, we see these soldiers rising above difficulties and trials, and the remaining pages of the Sibyl's book exhibit in glowing color and illuminated page what has been the work of the Texans since the war, and how the Texan is a soldier in time of peace.

As she turns many pages at a time she points to the railroads which have taken the place of the prairie wagons and stage coaches, and to the telephone and telegraph lines which show that the duties of the messenger rider are over forever. We are not able to count the towns which ap-

pear, one after the other, filled with bright-faced, happy, busy men and women, all intent upon accomplishing something.

She points with the enthusiasm of a child to the various pictures. The first is a city by the sea, where a great wall is erected to protect the city from the wind and the wave. She stops to foretell that no storm or tide can break its mighty rocks from their foundations. Galveston is safe forever from flood and destruction and ships from all parts of the world are entering her harbor.

Near this picture is another; a city whose market is overflowing with every product of the enterprising truck farmer. Railroads enter this city from every point of the compass, factories are busy, and beautiful, picturesque homes are situated in every part of the city. Houston is gaining every day as a center of commercial activity.

She pauses at the picture of the city built in the hills: at a building of native stone, in size exceeding the ancient temples, surrounded by flowers, trees, winding walks and driveways, with here and there a statue or a monument erected to the memory of some great Texan.

This is our state house in the city of Austin. Near it is the university planned for us when Texas was a republic. There are other splendid substantial buildings here, and ere the Sibyl hurries past she tells us that Texas cares for all of her children, not only those robust in mind and body,

but for the deaf and dumb, the blind and the insane.

In the beautiful picture of San Antonio, we recognize the Alamo, but unlike the picture we saw in the first pages of the book, it is now surrounded by busy streets and business houses. Near it is a handsome government building. Men and women are hurrying to and fro, for the old historic town of Bexar is now a throbbing, thriving city. Though the sacred missions are safe in their historic settings, there are many blocks of business houses, handsome churches, homes and parks.

East Texas, with its fruits and pine trees, fine gardens, red hills, good old homes and noble people, is still sending her sons to fill places of honor and trust.

The city of Dallas has outgrown the fondest expectations of her most sanguine citizens. Her schools, colleges, superb stone and steel business houses, her enormous cotton, wheat and corn supply, and her citizenship, including men from every state and every country, place her very high on the roll of Texas cities.

Fort Worth, which, from a fort on the Trinity river, has developed like magic into a bustling, up-to-date city, is the "Gateway of Our West," and few cities or towns in Texas more thoroughly speak the growth and individuality of Texas than does Fort Worth.

North of Fort Worth and west, where once the

Indian roamed and the buffalo in herds grazed on the silent prairies, civic pride has so advanced as to present to the traveler cities and towns of substantial growth and marked development. In each one, the largest and the smallest, are schools and churches.

El Paso, the old "pass to the North," the city on our Mexic border, is a charming combination of the old and the new, the ancient and the modern.

To cross the Rio Grande at El Paso is like stepping from the twentieth to the fifteenth century. On our side is a typical American city while across the river is the quaint, quiet, curious village, which bespeaks our nearness to another republic.

At the various health-giving springs and wells of Texas are suffering men and women from many localities come to regain health and strength.

The Sibyl shows us a picture of a cotton field in southern Texas, white with its bursting bolls, the negroes singing as they gather the fleecy product into great baskets, and she tells us that a third of the cotton raised in the United States comes from Texas.

That is something for us to think about. Then, in rapid succession, a corn field, and a rice field on our coast; fruits, vegetables and melons grown in our own soil, the size of which leads us to believe that surely we are under the magic influence of the Sibyl's voice and power.

The tall, dark pine trees in our lumber districts

seem to pierce the sky and the Sibyl tells us that our lumber market, great as it is, is not near what it is going to be.

What a sight confronts us as we view the last page of the Sibyl's book!

There are millions of people living in Texas and others coming just as fast as they can!

In many cities and towns factories are located, and others are being erected, which give employment to thousands of men and women. Electric cars connect the Texas cities, and others are in process of construction.

The Texas oil fields are attracting the attention of the world, bringing thousands of commercial men to Texas each year, and the demand for Texas oil is constantly increasing.

We cannot possibly see the extent of prairies covered with fine cattle, or count the miles, in splendid cultivation, of cotton, corn, wheat, oats, rye, rice and tobacco. Orchards, without bound, and gardens of fairest flowers surround the Texas homes in the city or in the open, beautiful country.

In every county are substantial school houses, and all are filled with ambitious, energetic boys and girls determined to win for Texas. We do not wait to be told that these are the public schools. Statues and monuments are being erected by the Texas people as tributes of gratitude to those heroes, whose names the Sibyl called as she turned the pages of her book.

We see many more pictures, for there are many more things than these in Texas, but to call the name of every good Texas town and tell of its particular "goodness," and to name all of the advantages of living in Texas, would require a much larger book, even than the Sibyl's, so we will hurry on and watch the Sibyl slowly and deliberately close her book.

We remember that she "judges the future of a country by consulting the annals of its past," and while we are wondering what can be the future of a people who so well deserve success, and who have paid so dearly for it, the Sibyl begins to tell us a story, introducing her favorite characters.

We sit fascinated as we listen to the Sibyl's Story:—

Your Texas of to-day is the fond realization of the hopes, the efforts and the ambitions of the brave "Knight of King Louis." This fearless adventurer brought with him faith, courage, energy and self-reliance. These have remained in Texas to mark the individuality of the Texan. These powers guide the destiny of your commonwealth and create "the spirit of Texas."

Your empire founders placed the first stone in a structure which has grown slowly, steadily, positively; they placed the foundation.

Could such feats in a wilderness, performed amidst peril and sickening danger, have been accomplished without an inspiration, without a powerful force of control?

The impulse to colonize Texas, taking hold, as it did, upon a man of genius, knowledge and great heart, was in answer to the spirit of Texas, who selected the bravest, the choicest, the rarest, and compelled him Texasward.

Your Texas of to-day stands to verify, to indorse, to fulfill the well-laid plan of the "Father of Texas."

This spirit of Texas wooed, begged and caressed the Tennessee "Bear Hunter," until he irresistibly answered and crossed fen and moor, in rain and sun, to fight for the freedom of men of his own race.

This same spirit made death in the Alamo a victory! It inspired the hearts of martyrs with its power of faith, as their souls departed to the God of the fearless and the free, "to be enrolled with the hosts of the glorified."

On the morning of San Jacinto, the great chieftain, master of men and actions in the Providence of God, was led by the spirit of Texas. He was not acting for an hour or for a day, but for all time, for all history, for a country's destiny.

He looked ahead at fair fields and ripening vineyards, at the "promised land" which is yours to-day. Like the great leader of Israel, he led his people into the possession of a God-given inheritance.

Peace spreads her fair wings over you and you are free from dangers. Your homes, your cities,

your state have been spared to you by the incarnate spirits of Texas, those riders over plain and prairie who form in their organization, your powerful civic protection.

You should love your Rangers on the plains and with grateful hearts remember that your ease and peace of mind to-day are a result of their vigilance and intrepid manhood.

Texas' beloved soldier-son begged to sleep his last long sleep secure in her arms. The great engineer and soldier who had distanced her hills, plains and rivers and watched her stars by night, felt the spirit of Texas, recognized her majestic possibilities and though loved by an entire nation, the "Hero of Shiloh," even unto death, loved Texas best of all.

Your "War Governor" could look back to see and forward to listen in so unique and important a time did he serve his people. Texas history was rapidly made during his long, eventful life, and he lived and loved and grew old in the inspiration of the spirit of Texas.

The Sibyl's face brightened as she said, 'Not yours, but the South's, not the South's, but the world's,' was 'The Old Roman!' The spirit of Texas which sent him forth that the world might be helped and strengthened by his force of will and mind, brought him back to love Texas more than before.

And then, one born in Texas, son of her soil, voic-

ing the needs of the people, fought for them as valiantly as did the soldiers of San Jacinto. It was the spirit of Texas which filled the heart of the "Tribune of the people," when he faced the world uncorrupted by ambition, unwarped by power and never dazzled by glory.

We ask her how it was that they were so great and good, so marvelous in endurance, and what was the secret of their power?

She tells us that the world has never seen a people better equipped to take care of themselves or more disposed to do it than the Texans. Because they could control themselves they were able to control the world, and that the ability to control themselves has marked their lives as individuals and as a people from the beginning. Then she adds, "The first element in the control of others is invariably self-control." Let us think long and well upon what she has said.

She tells us that Texas is not a state, merely, it is, rather, a thought, quickened, greatened, and developed into a people and ripened into a race. That Texas is a result of the will of God and the best work of men, no "mushroom grown in a night," and no accident out of line with great events. That the early Texas men and women believed that to be right was to be rich, and that privation, suffering and starvation were small prices to pay for personal liberty. There was never a nation more nobly born.

Believing in the divinity of truth and the supremacy of God, they were a people born of free opinion, free conviction and free citizenship, and out of these precious, priceless sources has emanated our great Texas.

Then, again, we ask her if she loves the sons of Texas of to-day as she loved their fathers? She does not hesitate to tell us that she does, that there are those among the Texans of to-day who are genuine, true and strong, noble in word and deed and that the Texas fathers are glorified in their sons.

With her face turned toward the east, she looks into the blue as though she can see still brighter, better and nobler things than she has enumerated to us.

As we reluctantly leave her, she rises and, pointing significantly to the broad valleys and sun-kissed hills of Texas, which now we love more than before, and to which we renew allegiance, she says, with ringing voice:

> All things to you are possible!
> All things are yours! The best is yet to come!
> For Texas is your inheritance!

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